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TIM, THE SCOUT.

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Beadle's Dime Novels, No. 139,

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WILL BE

THE BORDER FOES;

OR,

The Perils of a Night.

A ROMANCE OF EARLY KENTUCKY.

BY EDWARD WILLETT,

AUTHOR OF "OLD HONESTY," "THE HUNTED LIFE," "THE HIDDEN HOME," ETC.

A tale of romantic and peculiar interest, of the great "dark night" in Kentucky, from which we quote :

"The darkness increased, until it became so thick that it could be felt, like that which overspread the land of Egypt during three days. Outside of the small space which was dimly illuminated by the fire, nothing could be seen. The darkness stood up like a wall around it, and the young men felt oppressed, as if they were in a cave from which there was no egress. They could hear nothing except a very slight rippling of the water against its banks, for all beasts, birds and insects appeared to have been awed into silence by the intense and overwhelming gloom."

* * * * *

"Whenever there are Indians near me, I can feel it, without hearing or seeing them. I call it smelling, and I think I smell some of the rascals to-night."


* * * * *

"Receiving no reply, he bent down to examine the object, when a guttural exclamation at once convinced him that it was alive, and that it was an Indian."

* * * * *

"They gladly got into the dugout, Martha taking her seat at the bow, and holding the candle, while Kate sat in the stern with the paddle, and little Benny laid down in the middle.

"Kate pushed off from the shore, sending the canoe out into the stream, where she allowed it to float down the current, guiding it with the paddle as well as she could in the darkness."

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States for the Southern District of New York.

TIM, THE SCOUT,





TIM, THE SCOUT;

OR,

CAUGHT IN HIS OWN TOILS.

A TALE OF TECUMSEH'S TIME.

BY C. DUNNING CLARK,

AUTHOR OF "SUMTER'S SCOUTS," "THE HUNCHBACK," ETC.

NEW YORK:
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(No. 138.)

TIM, THE SCOUT.

CHAPTER I.

THE SCOUT.

AN Irishman stood alone on the bank of the Tippecanoe river, in a state of considerable embarrassment. He was a stout-built, jovial-looking fellow, with a comical eye and a red face. The time was before the war of 1812, and the ground that portion fought over by General Harrison, when he broke the power of the Prophet, brother of the great Tecumseh, in the battle which gave the veteran the name of "Tippecanoe." The river at that point was rather wide, and our Irish friend was looking about for the ways and means of crossing.

"Bad luck to it, anyhow," he muttered. "Some divil av an Injin stole me boat. How will I cross this bit av a river, I don' know. Arrah, Misther Tim Whalen, it's not a fish that ye are, any way, so how can ye go over dhry shod? Let me once put me eye on the blaguard phat sthole me canoe, and be the big brogans on me feet, I'll bate the head av him. Come, now; this doesn't look well, at all, at all."

He was dressed in plain clothes, but was, in fact, one of the most acute rangers in the army of Harrison, and best acquainted with the subtleties of the savages. Tecumseh knew him well, and would have given any thing for his scalp. But, that wily savage was possessed of enough of the elements of chivalry to respect a man who had the adroitness possessed by the Irishman, combined with a sturdy courage, which is a distinguishing characteristic of the race who inhabit the "Green Isle." Full of foibles, as they are, inconstant to the last degree, bad Generals, as a rule, they are the best fighting men any country can supply. They only need to be *led* well, and their strong arms and brave hearts will do much to insure a victory. England's battles, for many a year, have been fought mainly by this gallant people. Give them all justice,

for they have gained it by bravery on many a bloody field. Tim Whalen, the scout, had fought over every inch of ground, under Harrison, had penetrated into the Indian villages and heard the counsels of the enemy. He knew that Tecumseh had sworn to root out the name of American from the Indian country, and with the Prophet, his brother, went from village to village, inciting the savages to war. And while Tecumseh won them by his eloquence, the Prophet won by his subtle lies and prophecies of coming doom to the hated American race. No Indian plot was more deeply laid than this, and if it failed in the execution, it was on account of the surprising celerity of the movements of our armies. Harrison, who knew Indians, filled the country with his scouts. The traders, who were in the Indian country, were employed by him to furnish intelligence; and Tecumseh's plans were open as the day before the sagacious General. Among others, Tim Whalen was especially busy, and was, even now, on an important mission.

The chief trouble was, how to cross and yet keep his arms in fighting condition. Besides, he had all an Irishman's dread of getting "wetted." In his many scouts through the country, he had left canoes—generally rough "dugouts"—along the various rivers, and had come to this place, certain of finding one he had left; but, it was gone, and he belabored the Indians, in no measured terms, with sounding Irish epithets, which none but Irish lips could utter.

Satisfied that it *was* gone, he raised his coonskin cap to scratch his frowzy head, and take a comical survey of the expanse of water between him and the other shore. Go over he must, even at the expense of a wetting. That was decided. He looked about, and at length found a log likely to suit his purpose—a broad, comfortable-looking pine stick, about ten feet long and two feet in diameter. In a knot of its limbs he fastened his rifle, shot-pouch and flask, and straddling the big stick, with a stout splinter of pine for a paddle, he pushed out into the stream, paddling gravely along, stopping now and then to listen to the sounds upon the bank. A deer came down to the river-side to drink, but, catching sight of the "float," bounded up the bank and disappeared in the bushes.

"That's good sign," said Tim. "Sure there are no red naygurs about the bush. If they were, the deer would niver come down to drink. I can land safe; that's one comfort."

Even as he spoke, he shifted his position slightly on the log. This was what that particular piece of pine, in its wooden mind, was waiting for. It proceeded slowly to turn over, and dump Tim into the stream, while he hung on by tooth and nail, striving to maintain his position. But, the struggle was in vain, and down he sunk into the stream, and was lost to sight for a moment, a few bubbles rising in the place where he had gone down.

Soon he rose to the surface, blew the water from his mouth, and swam to the log, which luckily had not sent the rifle to keep him company, at the bottom of the stream. Being wet now, he remained in the water, and swam to the other bank, pushing the log before him, and puffing in an exasperated way. He landed, took his arms from the branch, then pushed it spitefully out into the stream, shook himself like a spaniel, and became his usual good-natured self.

"Sure I can't hold mad against the log for capsizing," he said. "'Twas me own fault, anyhow. I ought to have sat the log betther. Any log wid a conscience would throw a chap that didn't kape his sate betther than I did. But, here are me illigant clothes spoilt intirely."

The "illigant clothes" consisted of a pair of buckskin breeches, a hunting-shirt of green homespun, and a pair of moccasins. These, with the coonskin cap, completed his outfit.

"Phat will I do, at all?" he muttered, "now I am come to shore. I say bad luck till the Ginerel, anyhow. No, I won't say that, for he's a fine man intirely, but phat the saints need he always make me do all the hard work meself for? Sure, there is many another could do the work, may be not quite so well, but still well enough, and lave me a little pace av mind. Phat's that?"

Something had made a stir in the bushes by his side. In an instant the expression of his face changed, and he became the terrible scout and Indian-fighter he was by nature. His first impulse was to grasp his weapons and leap for the cover of a fallen tree, for he did not know but a deadly rifle bore

upon him from an unseen foe. Indeed, there was little else to expect in that region. Just as he leaped, a loud voice called out in good English :

“ Hold on, friend, I want to speak to you.”

The speaker issued from the woods, and came into the open space. He was a tall, soldierly-looking fellow, although he wore no uniform. His face was one of those strange and unreadable ones we sometimes see, which mask a world of hidden fire. The acute Irishman looked him over from head to foot, with a lingering suspicion that he ought to attack him at once ; and yet he had no good reason for believing the man to be an enemy. But there rose in him an instinctive feeling that all was not right, and that he ought to give the stranger a taste of cold steel. The stranger, on the other hand, watched the movements of the Irishman with interest, but did not show any excitement.

“ Where might you be from, friend ?” he asked, “ if you have studied me enough to answer.”

“ I *might* be from a good many places,” replied Tim, with a rather defiant look. “ But I hain’t studied you enough to answer, be the powers.”

“ There is one place you hail from,” said the other, with a light laugh. “ Ireland, by the bones of Fingal.”

“ Phat would *ye* know about the great Fingal ?” asked Tim. “ Sure it’s nothing to yer credit that ye knew me to be an Irishman, and me wid a burr under me tongue as big as me fist. It’s no great thing for ye to tell that, mind ye.”

“ I never said it was,” replied the man, who was as evidently bent on conciliating the Irishman as that individual was on picking a quarrel. “ Any fool could tell that. But, don’t let us quarrel. It isn’t often white men meet in this wild region, and when they do, let there be peace between them, as the Indians would say. Look here ; I’ve got something in my flask that would warm the heart of one of the monks of old. Will you have some ?”

“ Phat is it ?” said Tim, his mouth beginning to water, for, like most of his people, he liked an occasional drop of the evil stuff.

“ Brandy. And it’s of a stamp you don’t often taste. Try some ?”

"I don't care if I *do*," said Tim, putting out his hand for the proffered flask. "I'll take your word that it's wholesome."

"You may bet on it," said the other.

Tim uncorked the flask, elevated it to his nostrils, and gave a sniff of approval, as he inhaled the fragrance. He changed the position of the flask, and the bottom rose slowly into the air. He paused after a while, drew a long breath, looked at the flask, as if yet in doubt of its quality, and raised it again to his lips. When he lowered it this time, a considerable portion of the contents had changed its location. He gave the flask back with the verdict of an Irishman, the world over:

"Very good stuff."

"You may well say that," replied the other. "I told you the truth when I said you did not often get such liquor here, did I not?"

"Faith an' ye did. But do ye know I can tell you where ye got that?"

"I don't think you can."

"Don't desave yoursilf. I can do it ivery time. Ye got that liquor in Canada."

The man looked rather disconcerted, but passed it off with a laugh.

"Well, you are right. That liquor never paid any duty. I know a man on this side of the line who can give it to you for a fair price. In Detroit, I mean."

"Ye have been to Detroit, thin?"

"Oh, yes; I travel about considerably in the Indian country. So do you, I suspect."

"Once in a way. Any one can have their suspicions, ye know."

"I see you are inclined to be close. That's all right. If a man is out on an important service, he has no call to blab to every man he meets. But, when they are out, as I am, on his own business, there is nothing to conceal, and they can talk out. I like to do it myself. I feel more like a man when I know that my breast is open to the scrutiny of the world."

"Thru for ye, stranger. An open heart is a great blessing.

But, in the Indian country, a man must set a guard upon his tongue. For all ye are so open-hearted—and I'll say this for ye, that ye carry good liquor, and are free wid it—I don't see that ye have tould me any thing about yourself. How do I know but ye are a spy?"

"Spy! On which side?"

"A very good attempt, me friend; but it won't do wid me, ye know. Suppose I tell ye which side *I* think ye work for, afther tellin' ye I think ye a spy against the side I favor? Wouldn't that be as good as tellin' ye which party I am of? It won't work, Misther Man."

"I see you suspect me," said the man, with a sanctimonious air. "And yet I have tried to be friendly to you. I will tell you what I am. I never thought to do it before. I am an Indian trader, and have just got rid of my goods, and am going to some city, where I shall be out of the way of the fighting. There isn't much chance for Indian traders now unless they favor the English side."

"Then you don't?"

"No. My conscience won't let me."

"*Conscience!* Have you got a conscience? Sure, I thought Indian traders niver throubled their packs wid such things as *that*."

The man began to get a little flushed, as if the continued suspicions of the Irishman were wearing out his patience. This was precisely what Tim wanted. He was "spoiling for a fight," and looked at the strong limbs of the stranger with an insane desire to have a struggle with him on the short green turf on which they stood. He was a famous wrestler himself, and actually hungered and thirsted for a battle with this strong-framed man. But the stranger was bent on avoiding a quarrel.

"What you say in regard to the majority of Indian traders is true," said he. "But I hope I am free from the vices that debase the trade. I always try to give them a fair trade, and they like me so well that they call me the 'Open Heart.' Perhaps if you have been among them much you have heard of me."

"I can't say that I have," replied Tim. "Not that I could say much about it, anyhow, for you see I don't know

much about the Indians. Well, are you going to cross the river?"

"I thought perhaps you could tell me how I could reach Harrison's army."

"Oh, I can tell ye that. Jist you cross the river and follow your nose, and ye will be gobbled up by some of his scouts in half an hour. They took me, the blaguards, and carried me till the Ginerel. 'Who are ye?' said he. 'Tim McCarty,' said I. 'Where are ye goin?' said he. 'To the divil,' said I. 'Go on!' said he; and here I am, got to the divil sooner than I expected."

"I thought perhaps you might be one of the General's scouts, and wouldn't mind giving me a little information to guide me on my way."

"I don't mind tellin' ye which way to go. I know the country well enough, but not a bit of a scout am I, any way. Ye've no need to go to the army at all, av ye want to get to the settlements; ye'd do betther to kape south of the camp, after ye cross the river, for the blaguard scouts shoot without winkin' at a man. They have no bowels in their bosoms, the bastes. Kape away from them."

"How many men has General Harrison?" asked the trader, carelessly.

"How many? I didn't shtop to count them. But, this I will say: they are as audacious a looking set of blaguards as you would wish to see, wid their high caps, and their bayonets shining, and the buckles all over thim. Sure, it must be a fine thing to be a soldier, only I'd be afraid av the *balls*. I've heard they make no bones av firin' a loaded rifle at a man, an' he av shootin' back."

"You carry a rifle yourself."

"Thrue for you, again," replied Tim, not in the least abashed. "I would make a fine show, out here in the wood, wid-out one. But I'll go back to me own counthry, any way. Do ye know, when I come here, I thought I could scratch goold from the bushes, but niver a bit can I. I wish I wor back in ould Ireland, by a bit av a turf fire; any thing to get out av this."

"I can tell you a way," said the man, facing him suddenly. "I have been lying to you, just to get you to talking. I am

an Englishman, engaged in stirring up the Indians against the Yankees. I am known among the whites as James Wilson, the Indian agent. Have you heard of me?"

"Faith, I have."

"I have been an officer in the English army, and have been detached for this service in consequence of the power I have over the Indians. I came here to gain some knowledge of the position and force of the enemy. You can make nothing of the statements of Indian scouts; they always exaggerate every thing. Now, I ask you, will you join me in tramping through the country, and stirring up the Indians?"

"I don't know; I'd be afraid. If the ould Gineral would catch me he would hang me, sure as the saints. He tould me I had no call to be tramping the woods alone, inliss I was a soldier. Niver a bit will I *be* a soldier. Sure that's why I *kem* away from the ould sod."

"You don't understand me," said the Englishman, eagerly. He had been completely deceived by the Irishman, and thought him, at best, only a lukewarm supporter of the American party. "I don't ask you to *enlist*. I only ask you to come with me. I need a companion. I am often in a position of great difficulty and danger, and need help. I will make it worth your while to go with me. See here."

He took a purse from an inside pocket of his hunting-shirt, and held up four or five sovereigns which he took from it.

"Come," he said. "You shall have these for a start, if you agree to go. It will be good work and good pay, if you are fond of the woods."

"I'd like it well, if it worn't for the Gineral," replied Tim. "He tould me would I ever go over to the British, and I axed him did I know? And he tould me if I ever did he would hang me to the highest tree in the west. And sure he would do it for a cint."

"He will never catch you," replied the Indian agent. "We shall be in the Indian villages a good deal of the time, where he will never come. The great Shawnee nation are on the move, and the Indian country will soon be free of Yankees. Can you speak the Indian tongue?"

"Niver a word," said Tim.

He lied, of course. He spoke it far better than he did the

English language—no very high compliment, by the way, for he murdered English most unmercifully.

“Say you will go,” said Wilson.

Tim hesitated, and the agent slipped five sovereigns into his hand, and took up his arms. Tim took his, looked doubtfully at the Englishman, and then followed him at a quick pace, a grin beginning to break across his face.

CHAPTER II.

THE FOREST HOME.

“It is well for you that you agreed to go with me,” said the Englishman.

“Phy?” answered Tim.

“Because if you had not, you would probably be a dead man now. Did you notice that I kept my hand in the breast of my coat while I talked with you?”

“’Deed I did, then,” said Tim. “Phat did ye do it for?”

“I had my hand on the hilt of a pistol. In case you had refused to come, I should have shot you dead in your tracks. I may as well let you know with what kind of a man you have to deal. I allow no man to stand between myself and any object upon which I have set my heart, either for myself or for my country. I have always at heart, first, to serve myself; second, to serve old England, and no man’s life is safe who puts mine in the least peril. If you had confessed yourself the man I took you for, or had not come, it would have been a sad moment for you.”

“And who did you take me for, if I may be so bould as to ask?” questioned Tim.

“For a scoundrel in the pay of the Yankees, who goes into the villages of the Shawnees, and into our camps and fortifications, with perfect impunity. The scoundrel knows more about the defenses on the Canadian border than I do, especially in the west. Why, he went into Malden, talked with the

men, pumped all the secrets he could from them, examined the forts, and took a note of the number of guns, and walked back to Detroit in the face of day."

"Who is he?"

"Tim Whalen is his name."

"Him! And d'ye mane to tell me, captain dear, that ye dared to think me no betther than that dirty blaguard, who boasts that he is a betther man than me wid purty Nora O'Neal, at Detroit? Be all the saints, captain, that's too much."

"Do you know him?"

"Know him; the old Satan fly away wid him soon, that's all, the black baste! Know him! Av all the imps from the pit was to be brought up here, and set fornenst me, there's not a thafe av them all whom I hate worse than I do that same Tim Whalen, barring Tim Murphy of County Kerry, Ireland; and he don't count, for I broke the head av him wid a small sliver av blackthorn, at the Tipperary fair, five years ago. But where are we going now, captain dear?"

"We are going to Prophet's Town."

This was rather more than Tim bargained for. Tecumseh might be at Prophet's Town, and if he was, the great chief knew the scout's face well, and would detect him in a moment. He debated within himself whether he had not better rap his employer on the head, and actually drew back his hand for the purpose, when the thought that perhaps Tecumseh might not be in the village, restrained him.

"D'ye know where is Tecumseh now, captain dear?" he asked. "I does be afraid of *that* Injin, he looks so grand and ferocious."

Tim was very fond of long words, and rarely, if ever, got them right. But he made a shot at the word he wanted, and whether he hit it or not, *he* was satisfied all the same.

"You may well say so," said the other. "If the truth must be told, we have no General in our army who can approach Tecumseh in martial bearing. But, you need not fear to meet him. Tecumseh is away on the trail, speaking at the council-fires of the nations, urging them to rise and do battle to free their land from the invaders. They seem to forget that what the Yankees leave *we* will take. It is only a change

of masters, after all. But the Yankees will never triumph fully while Tecumseh lives."

"Are ye sure he isn't at Prophet's Town?"

"No; you need have no fear of that. He will be away for some time, and will not return until we are out of the town."

They were walking along the bank of the river while speaking, through that beautiful, level country which lies along the Wabash and its tributaries. Passing out into a little opening, they came suddenly upon a place where the trees were scattered, leaving a splendid opening, where the soft, green grass was carpeted by fallen leaves. A magnificent maple grew in the center, and under it they saw a beautiful sight. A girl was lying there, her head pillowed on her arm, in a deep sleep. Beside her, with head already erected, as if he heard their steps, couched a noble dog, of the mastiff breed, whose heavy jaws and sullen eye told that he would die in defense of a loved object. The girl who lay there was a subject for a painter. The Englishman laid his hand upon the Irishman's arm and held him, while he gazed long at the sleeping form. It was one of faultless symmetry, and her fair hair floated about it like a mantle. The cherry lips were half opened and displayed the teeth, white and even, glistening like pearls. The other arm was thrown over the neck of the faithful animal, who lay ready to defend her. The Englishman was thunderstruck. None of the boasted garrison beauties were any thing compared with this girl, who was alone in the depths of an American forest, with only a dog for a protector.

"Come away," whispered Tim.

"Be quiet," replied Wilson. "Do you know her?"

"Yis," replied Tim, sullenly.

"Who is she?"

"Why do you care to know?"

"Fellow!" replied the captain, haughtily, "did you understand my question?"

"There's no good in your going to meddle wid her," replied Tim, sulkily. "Sure she's too good and too purty to be injured. You come away and lave the beauty slaping. Ochone! fire burn the man that could have the heart to harrum ye, me purty bird."

"Stupid! who intends to harm her? I only asked her *name*."

"It can't harm her to tell her name. But mind ye, I ain't the man to stand by and see her hurted, and don't you think it."

"What is her name?" persisted the Englishman.

"It's Lizzie Neal her name is, and she's the purtiest and best girl in the whole counthry."

"You seem to know a great many people here, young nian."

"To be sure I do. I've lived hereabouts long enough. But phat of that? Let's be on our way. Sure we only waste time here if ye mane to go to Prophet's Town this blessed night."

"I'm going to wake up that girl, and see if she can talk."

"Be the powers, ye promised not to harrum her. I won't see it done."

"I only want to wake her."

"Ye'll wake the *dog*, more likely. Do ye think that Cain will sit by and see you lay a hand upon our little Lizzie? He smells us now; see how his bristles stand up. Ye take a fool's advice and let the dog alone, or ye will get hurted. I know that dog mesilf."

"If he attacks me, I will shoot him. Do you think I am afraid of a dog?"

"Ye don't know the baste. He'd fly at your throat like a flash av lightning, and before ye would have time to think, he would dhrag ye to the ground. Don't touch Cain. It's a good dog; he saved the girl's life once."

"I know the breed of that dog," replied the captain. "That hanging under-lip and square jaw can only come from one blood, and it's the best that ever ran in the veins of any dog. I wouldn't hurt such a beast as that for any money."

"Then lave him alone. He won't throuble ye if ye don't throuble him; but av ye do, I pity ye, that's all. Let's go on. Ah, the little beauty."

"Curse it," cried the Englishman, "I won't go on until I have heard her speak. *You* go and wake her."

The chief reason Tim had for opposing the other so long was that the girl knew him well, and would be likely to call

him by his right name as any other. The last order of the captain opened a way to inform her of the name he had assumed, and trust to her native wit to keep the secret. He advanced at once. The dog rose slowly to his feet, and came forward to meet the intruder, without uttering a sound. But it was the silence of the Constitution approaching the Guerrière; a silence more awful than broadsides could ever be. Tim called the dog by his name.

“Cain.”

At the sound of his voice the body of the mastiff seemed to diminish to half its former size, and he put up his head for a caress. He knew the scout well.

The strange pair went together to the side of the sleeping girl, and the noble brute looked up into the face of the man with a glance which seemed to say, “Have I not a beautiful charge?” Tim stooped and touched her lightly on the shoulder. She started up, but seeing who it was, began to laugh.

“Tim, good Tim, I am glad you have come. Why did you not come before?”

He gave her an expressive glance and whispered in her ear the name he wished to be known by to the stranger, with an added injunction to “look out for him,” for he was “pizon.” She laughed and nodded. At the same moment Wilson issued from the woods and came toward them, with what he meant for an agreeable smile upon his face. But though James Wilson was a handsome man in form, he could never be so in face. There was too much of sullen ferocity in the outlines of the lower part of his face and in the deep-set eyes. Cain bristled up the moment he appeared, and made a start toward him, but the voice of his mistress silenced him, and he came back and lay at her feet, blinking at the man in any thing but a gratified way, much to the delight of Tim.

“The good baste knows the blaguard,” he thought. “Billy for Cain.”

“You have a rough guard there, Miss,” said Wilson.

“Rough, but faithful,” said Lizzie, looking down at the dog. “I ask no better guard. What man dare touch me when Cain is at hand? I go where I choose in the woods, and he is my protector.”

“Do you live far from here?” he asked.

"Not more than a mile. I was out after flowers, and coming to this beautiful place, I sat down, and before I knew it, fell asleep. I often do so."

"Are you not afraid of wild beasts?"

"No. There is no beast in these woods who dares to face Cain, when he is fighting for me. Oh, sir, once I was sleeping just as you saw me now, and Cain was with me. While I lay there, a young panther, old enough for mischief, however, came upon me. Cain seized him by the throat, and never loosed his hold until the piece came out, and then he stood over the dead body, shaking it as a terrier shakes a rat. Believe me, sir, I have an efficient guard in my faithful Cain."

"Is your cabin up the river?"

"Yes, sir."

"I wish you to guide me thither, and give me a drink of fresh milk; if it is to be had. I have been so long in the forest that the sight of a woman's face, and such a face as yours, makes me think of home and friends. I was not always what I am now, a wood-ranger, but sprung from as good a family as the west of England affords, and we have beautiful women. But, their beauty is dross compared with this I have found by the side of a western stream."

"Sir!" said Lizzie, turning upon him with flashing eyes. "I think we are not sufficiently intimate, for you to venture on a compliment. I, at least, am not used to it."

"I beg your pardon," said he, seeing his mistake. "I did not so intend it. What I said was sincere."

"I am a plain country girl," she answered. "Or, at least I have been so long in these wild places, that I am no longer in love with compliments. But you asked hospitality. It is yours if you will follow me, but please to refrain from any such speeches as the one you indulged in just now. It surely can do no good to any one, and will be a source of annoyance to me."

"This is no country girl," he thought. "She is young and yet she talks like a refined lady. I will know her better yet."

He was right. The family of Lizzie Neal, for Neal was the name by which he chose to be known among these border

people, showed tokens of high culture, different from any of the people among whom they lived. They had not been there more than three years, and during that time had acquired a reputation for hospitality, both among the Indians and the whites. But Mr. Neal was rarely abroad. Those who had been so fortunate as to see him, spoke of him as a remarkably handsome man, about forty years of age, but bearing on his face the unmistakable impress of some hidden sorrow. It must have been a great grief which drove a man of his education to find a home upon the borders of civilization, as he had done, with such a daughter as Lizzie. The Indians had named him the "Open Hand," from his generosity, and Lizzie "Sunbeam." The name was so appropriate that those who knew them took it up, and "Little Sunbeam" was toasted oftener at the posts than Lizzie Neal. She took the sobriquet kindly, and was, indeed, a sunbeam in her father's house. They walked on in silence for about a mile, and then the cottage of Neal was seen through the trees. It was one of the common log structures of the region, rather larger than ordinary, and literally covered with a growth of ivy, which Lizzie had trained to climb over the front. A beautiful silvan retreat it was. Here they had lived for three years. Their family consisted of the father and daughter, and two negro servants, man and wife, who had persisted in clinging to the altered fortunes of their master. These two had a little cabin by themselves, and did all the work, one on the farm, the other in the house. Cub, the man's nickname, would not allow his master to work, dogmatically informing him that it "wasn't his place," and he "wouldn't stand no sich conduc'." Mr. Neal was obliged to yield. Within the house Dinah was autocrat, and kept Lizzie from doing many things she would gladly have done. But, Aunt Dinah grumbled "twan't no ways likely *she* was gwine to stand by and see Miss Lizzie spile dem lily-white hands o' hern wid dirty dishwater, when dar was an old brack nigger wench layin' 'roun' dar doin' nothin', dat wasn't worth shucks for any thin' else."

So Lizzie was obliged to yield also, and let Cub and Dinah have it their own way in the house and fields. The servants idolized their master and mistress, and there was nothing they would not do for them. Cub came out of the cabin, and

fearing that he might speak to him, Tim whispered to Lizzie, and she turned to the captain.

"My father never sees strangers," she said. "Perhaps you will not object to waiting here until I inform him who are coming."

"Certainly not."

"You may come with me, 'Tim,'" she said.

"What is his other name?" asked Wilson.

"McCarty is what he professes is his name," replied Lizzie.

"Thank you," said Wilson; and as they went away he muttered to himself, "So the fellow's name is McCarty, after all. I confess that I was getting a little suspicious. He knew too many people about here, I thought. What a beautiful girl that is."

It may as well be told here that an irreconcilable feud existed between the Irishman and the negro, not one which ever went further than a wordy contest, but which always shook the roof. The whole quarrel arose from a desire on the part of Tim to banter the negro on the length of his foot. It was, indeed, of surprising longitude, and attracted the admiration of the scout, who said that that was the kind of foot to follow on the trail. Cub took all this in ill part, and greeted Tim with a sniff of disapproval.

"W'at dat white truck doin' here?" he asked. "He ain't got no call to come foolin' round dese parts, hab he? He can't let any one alone, he can't—de ole fool."

"Come now, Cub, me darlin', don't get mad. I ain't mad, and I want you to be r'asonable."

"Now, Cub," said Lizzie, "be good. I don't want you to speak to that gentleman yonder if you can help it, and if he says any thing about Tim, be sure you tell him his name is McCarty."

"Whose name—dat ar man?"

"No, no; not at all. Tim wishes to be known as McCarty."

"Neber'll do it," said Cub, in great wrath. "Now look yer, Missee Lizzie, I wouldn't mind lyin' troo t'ic' an' t'in for *you* or massa, but darn my buttons if I want to be stricken dead lyin' for 'Tim Whalen. I won't do it, nuther."

"Not for *me*, Cub?"

"Dar; you knows ole Cub, don't you? You knows he's a darn ole fool, an' will do any thing for you in de world. I wish you wouldn't ask it."

"But I do."

"Den I'll do it. But I tell you fa'r, Tim McCarty—Carty—Carty—*Whalen*, dat I wouldn't do it for you, not to save your life; so *dar*."

"Oh, git out wid ye, Cub. Ye know betther. Ye love me till disthraction, I know. But ye won't own it, ye blaguard."

"You's a liar!" shouted Cub. "S'pose I's a *fool*, 'cause I's *brack*, Tim McCarty? I hate to do it, but dar's Missee Lizzie, an' she say call um McCarty, an' if she say call um *de debble*, I's sure to do it. Do any thing missee tell him, Cub will."

"Ye's a good feller, then, Cub, if yer feet are big as canoes. No use to deny it, Cub, but it is well known that Dinah uses yer moccasins for *cradles*, and good ones they make, too—so roomy, ye know."

"I tell you dat you's a liar, Tim—McCarty. Darn it, I's got to say it, but I t'ink *Whalen* all de time. You tell me dat again an' I'll go to dat man an' say, 'Dis yere ain't no more McCarty dan I be. He's a big outlandish liar, an' he name is Tim Whalen, darn um hide.'"

"Don't make him angry, Tim," said Lizzie. "You must remember that I am very fond of Cub, and that he is the best fellow in the world to me. I must go and speak to father. You know he does not like to meet strangers."

In a few moments she returned and led them into the cabin. A table had been set by Dinah, and the two men were invited to sit down and eat. While doing so, and Lizzie was pouring out tea, the eyes of the agent were on the girl all the time, with a look half puzzled and wholly admiring. He was puzzling his brain to make out where he had seen her before, and found it impossible to say. There was something in the beautiful face which reminded him of some one he had seen in other days, some one who had been dear to him, but somehow he could not recall the person. Even after they had risen from the table, and were preparing to depart, having no good excuse for remaining, he continued to study her coun-

tenance, much to her embarrassment. An angry flush was just beginning to steal into her face when he apologized for his apparent rudeness, for, in spite of his frontier life, James Wilson was an accomplished gentleman, and knew the rules of good breeding.

"You will excuse me," he said; "but there is something in your face which reminds me of a long-forgotten friend. My staring at you may be attributed to a desire to call that friend to mind."

"I hope you have been successful," she answered, a little resentfully.

The retort amused him, but he continued talking.

"Are we not to see the master of the house?"

"No, sir," replied Lizzie; "he is not well."

"I should like to thank him for our entertainment."

"It is not necessary. My father has a character for hospitality, and it is nothing new to him to set food before a traveler. Thanks would embarrass him."

"I can at least thank you."

"It is not needed."

"I must do so, however, and at the same time bid you good-by; and in going let me say that I have some influence over the tribes, and I give you my word that no Indian shall molest you in the troublesome days which are coming."

"Thank you," said Lizzie. "But the Indians are our friends."

They parted, and the pair started off into the woods at a quick pace, Lizzie standing in the door and following them with her eyes, trying to fathom the purpose of the Irishman in keeping company with such a man. But, Tim had tricks of which she never dreamed.

CHAPTER III.

PROPHET'S TOWN.

THE Prophet, brother of the great Tecumseh, was a man in the prime of life, who had an influence over the Indians scarcely second to that of the great chief himself. He was what in our day would have been called a skillful diplomatist, which is often English for "great rascal." And certainly, if any one deserved the title for well-sustained rascality, the Prophet was the man. He had nothing in common with the honorable nature of his great brother. The only thing in which they agreed was their unconquerable hatred to the whites. It must not be supposed that Tecumseh was an ally of the British through any great love for them. He knew that the English in Canada could not encroach upon the lands of the Indians as these Yankees were doing, who scored the earth bare with their axes. The great chief hoped to combine against the Yankees in sufficient force to drive them from the country, and then trust to the strength of the tribes to keep the English at arm's length. The plan was to drive out the Yankees first. Without that, all their other schemes fell to the ground. By the plan, all the families who had peopled this wild region were to fall before the edge of the hatchet. It always has been the plan of the Indians to make wars of extermination. Their contests are sharp, short and bloody. They leave behind them a crimson track. There is no thought of pity in their wild breasts. We can not deny that our ancestors gave them great cause to hate the white race, and they carried their hate to extremity. It was their law.

Prophet's Town, at this time, was one of the largest Indian villages in the nation. It was the residence of the Prophet, and was controlled by him. The crafty conduct of this man was, without doubt, equal to the treachery of Pontiac. While claiming to be friendly to the whites, he was making ready for their destruction. Nothing but the bravery and good generalship of Harrison defeated the plan. Tecumseh, as

Wilson had said, was gone on one of his trips among the nations, rousing them to rebellion, but telling them to keep quiet until the red cross of war was sent among them. They had been taught to obey to the letter the orders of the chief, and recognized in him the Avatar of their race.

It was nearly two days from the time the Irishman had joined Wilson, that they entered the Shawnee village. On the road Tim had labored to ingratiate himself into the good graces of the Englishman, and succeeded. His quickness of repartee, his power in wood-craft and his endurance on the march, won the admiration of the agent, who flattered himself on having secured such a treasure. What had induced Tim to follow him? Simply this: Harrison had sent him to find out all he could of the position and plans of the enemy, and he was determined to do it. How could he succeed better than if introduced into the town as a friend. It was a hazardous undertaking, but had this in its favor. Very few Indians knew the scout, and his occupation. Among those whom he did not wish to meet, were Tecumseh, (who had seen him during a visit he made to one of the Shawnee villages before the war,) and a sort of henchman of the chief, a dwarf known among the Indians as the "Weasel," who was a man about forty years of age, but greatly dwarfed. His height was about thirty-six inches, and he had none of the deformities which are the blot of most dwarfs. He was swift of foot, and possessed a keenness of intellect seldom seen in an Indian. This wonderful man was Tecumseh's messenger, as he passed from tribe to tribe, and thought nothing of going thirty or forty miles in a day, traveling at a long trot which can only be accomplished by long practice. This endurance on the trail eminently fitted him for the work he was expected to perform, and he was a great favorite of Tecumseh, who never thought of going anywhere unless he sent his henchman in advance. The Shawnees, when they saw that lithe figure steal into their villages, raised a delighted shout, for they knew the great chief was at hand, or had sent a message. The dwarf never forgot a face; and as he had seen Tim at the same time Tecumseh did, Tim did not care to meet him. He knew that his life would not be worth an hour's purchase from that moment.

As they entered the village, the Irishman kept his eyes about him, but saw none whom he had met before. Several stalwart braves were lounging about in the central square, and one of these came forward, as he saw the agent, and conducted them to the stranger's lodge. Wilson was well known to the Indians. They sat down upon some bearskins which were spread upon the ground, and waited. In a few moments the lodge curtain was lifted, and a man came in, who wore the feathers of a chief, and was dressed in a conspicuous style for an Indian. Besides, he wore, thrown over his shoulder and wound about his waist, a wampum belt, worked with various hieroglyphic devices, which denoted the medicine man. It was the Prophet, brother of Tecumseh. He greeted the agent warmly after the Indian fashion, and nodded gravely to Tim. He then sat down upon a skin near them, took down a pipe and lighted it, drew two or three whiffs and passed it to Wilson. He followed the example of the Indian, and then gave the pipe to Tim, who also puffed a little, though strongly disinclined to give it up after the trial, for the tobacco was of the Indian kind, and very good. But he was well enough versed in Indian customs to know that this would not be allowed, so he relinquished the pipe with a sigh.

"My brother has come," said the Prophet, in that soft, wheedling tone which was natural to him. "He has heard that the Indians are in great trouble, and look to the English for help. They will give it to their red brethren against these sons of dogs, the Yankees. We hate them with a bitter hatred, for they tread on the soil which is ours by right. They hunt the deer away from the licks, and the buffalo has gone to the Far West. The papposes cry in vain for food, What have the Indians done, that their land should be taken from them?"

"Listen," said Wilson, impressively, laying his hand upon the arm of the other. "My king is great and good, and he will not suffer his Indian friends to be driven from the land. He has made Tecumseh a war chief, and given him a belt. This is well. Tecumseh is a great man, and knows how to lead warriors to battle. He is brother to the Prophet. It is not often that two such men rise from the loins of one father,

both great in war and at the council-fire, where Tecumseh wins many by his eloquence and the Prophet by his cunning."

Few Indians are impervious to flattery. Neither was the Prophet. He took the praise of the agent as his just due.

"My brother speaks truth. There are none like the two chiefs of the Shawnees. We will drive the Yankees from the land, lest they let in the light on all the licks, so that there shall be no more deer in the forest. There was a time when they were very few in number, and weaker than the Sioux. They came to the Indians of the Ocean, and asked for a little land by the sea. They gave them that, for they said, these men are few, and they are very weak; why should we not be friendly to them? And now, where are the great tribes of the East? Where are the Mohawks, head of the Six Nations? Where are the Pequots, the Narragansetts, the Delawares, and the rest? Some have left their homes, and found new ones in the Far West, while others remain, and have taken a little land as a gift, which was once their own. And they plant corn like the Yankees, and sell it for fire-water, and die like dogs, not like warriors. Is the old Indian spirit gone forever from their hearts? Where is Red Jacket, the great Seneca? How many hear his voice? It is silent now. But the Indians of the West will strike."

"It is well," said the agent. "The Yankees must not possess the land of the Indians. We are gathering a great force at Malden, and we will beat the Yankees. But the Indians must strike the first blow. The white men have sent a war-chief into the Indian country, and he lies below Tippecanoe. We must beat him. There are enough Indians to do that."

"The Indians are not fools," said the Prophet. "They are warriors, and they do not fear to take arms in their hands and fight. How many braves has the Yankee chief brought with him?"

"They are many and strong. The Shawnees will need all their men."

"There will be men enough when the time comes," said the Prophet. "We will sweep the Yankees from the face of the earth. But, Indians can not fight like white men, in the

open day. We must make the Yankee think we love him. We must lull him to sleep, and when he sleeps we will take his scalp."

"Then you will pretend to be friendly to them?"

"Yes."

"Do you know this General?"

"I have seen him once. He is a good warrior, and like a fox in cunning. It will be hard to close his eyes."

"You think you can do it?"

"The Prophet has been long in council," said the Indian, proudly. "He can close the lids of the Gray Eye."

"When do you meet him?"

"I can not tell."

"Then he has not yet sent a messenger?"

"Not to this village. He sent to Tecumseh to come to him and have a talk; but the great chief was away, and the Weasel went to the white man's camp and told them that they must hold their talk with the Prophet. They will send a messenger to me."

"Where was Tecumseh when you heard from him last?"

"He was in the land of the Sioux. But the Sioux have no hearts in their bosoms; they are heavy as lead. They fear to fight the Yankees. They are not like the great braves of the Shawnee nation, who burn to strike the hatchet into the post."

"When will Tecumseh return?"

"In three days."

All the conversation had been carried on in the Indian tongue, which Tim was supposed not to understand. But, his ears were open, and he had taken a mental note of every thing said.

"Who is my brother?" asked the Prophet, indicating Tim by a gesture of his hand. "Is he fit to come into the council of chiefs?"

"Yes," said the agent. "He is my warrior. He follows me on the trail."

"It is well," said the Prophet. "He is very welcome."

"There is one thing which is bad," said Wilson. "He can not speak the language of the Shawnee. He has not heard what we have said."

The Prophet looked pleased. He did not like to have too many let into the secret of their plans, which, as yet, were not known outside the council of chiefs in each nation. The braves knew that some great work was on hand, and that they were expected to have their arms prepared ; but, beyond that, they knew nothing.

This was the work of the Prophet. He realized that secrecy was the life of any such undertaking, and had taken great pains to keep the scheme from the common rabble, who would be apt to tell it to others."

"There are many white men living in the Indian country," said Wilson. "What will be done with them?"

"They shall feel the sharp edge of the ax," said the Indian, sternly.

"There is one family I should like to save. Have I done any thing for the Indians?"

"The Shawnees love their brother. He has whispered in the ear of the English war-chief, and he is coming to help the Indians. What does my brother want?"

"There is a man who lives by Tippecanoe who is called the 'Open Hand.'"

"It is true. I know him. He is a good man, but the blood of an accursed race runs in his veins. Let him die with the rest."

"But hear me. I do not wish him to die. I wish to save him and his family."

"My brother asks a great deal, but it shall be done. But they can not stay in the Indian country. He must go away."

"He shall do so."

"There will be time for that. Tell him to take his daughter, whom the Indians name Sunbeam, and leave the Indian country, or the Shawnees will take his scalp. Do not tell this to the chiefs. Some of them would like the Sunbeam to come into their lodge, to keep the lodge-fire bright."

"The painted haythen!" muttered Tim.

The Prophet looked at him.

"Did my brother speak?" he inquired, in very bad English.

"Niver a word," said Tim.

The Prophet bowed and again turned to Wilson.

"There are not many days before the war parties will be out, and the blood of the Yankees will run like water. You must tell the Open Hand that it is not good for him to stay in the land of the Shawnee. He has been very kind to the Indians. Many times they have broken bread with him, and they remember. Tecumseh has been there, and staid all night in the cabin of the Open Hand.

"Then you will save him?"

"If he will go away. There are many Shawnee warriors who do not know the Open Hand, and they would take his scalp."

With these words the Prophet rose, intimating that the conference was ended. Soon after an Indian woman brought in food, and they ate heartily, being hungry after their long march. When the food was disposed of, Tim rose and went to the door of the lodge. Quite a crowd was now gathered in the opening in front, eager to see the white men. Most of the group were women, boys and girls, though here and there a stately warrior could be seen stalking about in apparent indifference, but in reality as eager to see the visitors as any one else. Tim, not caring to be conspicuous, did not go out. But the agent did, and walked about in the open ground, stopping now and then to speak with some warrior who was known to him. Tim watched his movements curiously.

But, something happened which changed his curiosity to alarm. The crowd had parted, and a small boy, to all appearance, was seen making his way toward the lodge of the Prophet. A great shout, which could not have been caused by the appearance of the agent, rose on every hand. As the small fellow came nearer, Tim saw that he was arrayed as a runner, and as he turned his head, he saw a face that he knew. It was the messenger of Tecumseh, the person he most dreaded to meet, the Weasel.

CHAPTER IV.

TIM'S FOOT-RACE.

It was a moment for desperate expedients. The Irishman knew his fate, if detected by the Weasel; he had not a moment to lose. The Weasel was celebrated for his curiosity, and was jealous of every white man who entered the village. He would not rest until he had seen who the new man was.

How to get out of the village? If he tried to escape in open day, the Indians would be upon him in a moment. No, he must get out without exciting any suspicion, while the Weasel was closeted with the Prophet. One thing was in his favor. The little man liked to talk, and would take up considerable time in telling his story. So Tim walked boldly out of the lodge and up to the captain.

"Arrah, now, captain dear," said he, quickly, "when will we be goin' out of this?"

"Why?"

"Sure, Tecumseh is comin', and I can't bear to face the blaguard. He have such a fierce way wid him, it chills the very marrow av me bones. Don't ask me to stay, captain dear."

"But, how do you know that Tecumseh is coming?"

"Don't I know the Weasel is always wid the chief, and that he follows in his wake as the shark follows the pilot-fish? Tecumseh is coming, sure. 'Deed, I'd rather go as a spy against Harrison than to stay here."

"Will you do that?"

"Will I do *phat*?"

"Go and spy out the position and plans of the enemy."

"I don't like it."

"Then stay here."

"Faix, thin, I'll go, captain dear. I don't want to mate the chaif. He have a look in him I *don't* like. Shall I go now?"

"Go as soon as you like."

"But, look ye, captain dear. Won't the red haythen suspect something if they see me go away so soon? May be they'll take it into their heads to follow and take me scalp. Ye must go a little way wid me."

"Very well," said the captain.

Turning to one of the Indians, he told him to inform the Prophet that he should be back soon, and the two started away together. Tim was in ecstasies over the success of his little plan, and was running over with a desire to let the captain know whom he had at his side. But he wisely restrained the impulse, and contented himself with letting his tongue run wild on other subjects.

"Remember that you are on a dangerous duty, McCarty," said the agent. "Never forget that it is not easy to fool old Harrison."

"Fool *him*! To the dogs wid him, thin, (the saints forgive me for lyin')! I hate him worse than pizen. Ye *can't* fool him! The ould baste have more thricks than Satan himself. D'ye know I heard him spake av ye wan day, captain dear. He said av he cud once get his claws on ye, he'd niver loose thin while the war lasted. And ye may bet yer money he wud kape his word."

"Then he knows me?"

"Sure he does, captain dear. He said ye wor the dirtiest blaguard av an agent the divil ever sent into the Injin counthry, and savin' yer prisence, be the divil he manes the king av ould England. Now look ye: I'd niver be an Irishman av I liked the king av England, for he have been the bad luck av ould Ireland ever since she had a name. It's *England* Irishmen fight for, not the king. They'll niver do that."

"I am sure I don't care, so that they *fight*," replied the captain, impatiently. "But, let me say, again, that you must be very careful indeed. There are some men in the Yankee army that are hard to get ahead of. There is one fellow, for instance, who used to be an Indian agent, now a captain in Jo Davies' regiment, named Lewis, who is as full of tricks as the evil one. Look out for him."

"Lewis, ye say? Is it Ed. Lewis ye mane?"

"Yes."

"Sure an' I've seen him, and ye spake the truth, an' ne lie. The fellow is hard to bate. I don't want to mate him. But do ye know that he is Miss Lizzie's soldier?"

"What! the pretty girl we saw the other day?"

"The same."

"He had better keep out of my way," said the other, evidently annoyed by the information. "That reminds me that I must take some measures for the safety of that family. I will keep my word to the pretty girl."

Taking out a note-book and pencil, he dashed off a few hurried lines upon a leaf. This he tore out and folded.

"Can you read?" he asked.

"Not a letther," said Tim; and this was probably the first truth he had told during the day. "Phat would I do wid learning to rade? Lave that to Miss Lizzie and the likes av her. Would I go now?"

"Yes; take this to the girl as you go down the river. You will inform her of the particulars. Say that I told you about it, as of course it will not do for you to tell that you have been here. Avoid that Lewis. Tell her that the danger is imminent—that, before a week has passed, the savages will be on the war-path, and then it will be next to impossible to save her. How far is it from the cabin to the camp of Harrison?"

"About fifteen miles."

"Tell her that the best plan will be for her to go to the camp. Or, if she will accept my escort, and prefers Canada, I will undertake to see her and her family safe in Malden. I should consider that the safest course, for some of the hot-heads among our warriors will cross the river the moment they have struck the war-post, and might get in between her and the army."

"Where shall I meet you when I come back? Sure I won't come to Prophet's Town."

"I can't quite understand your reason for being so much afraid of Tecumseh. The Prophet is more likely to do you an injury. He is the most crafty old fox I ever saw."

"I don't like him any betther than I do his big brother," said Tim. "But where will I meet you?"

"In three days go to the opening in the woods where we

found the girl asleep that day. I will either be there or leave directions how to proceed. If you find a cut in the bark of the maple, running across the body, you may know that I have gone to Kanestown, and follow me there. If, on the other hand, the cut runs up and down, you may know I have gone to French Creek. If you find a cross, you may know I have been to these places, and am lingering in the vicinity of Neal's house. You will then wait for me at the tree, to which I will come every night at midnight. Do you understand fully?"

"Yes, captain dear."

"Then away with you, and don't let the grass grow under your feet on the way."

"Good-day till ye, captain," said Tim, as he strode away, "and good-by till ye, too, ye black baste of Satan's siring. Wouldn't I like to have ye at a hundred yards, wid me rifle in me fist? A pretty object I'd make av ye, bad scran to ye. Let me see ye once on the thrail, that's all."

Tim kept on at a brisk run, never slackening his pace for over two hours, wishing to put a good space between himself and the Indian village, lest in some way suspicion should be aroused against himself, and a pursuit undertaken. He need not have feared that. Wilson knew the Irish to be an inconstant race, but it never occurred to him that Tim would betray him so soon. The sun was at the portals of the west when the Irishman paused in his hurried walk and sat down at the foot of a tree in a little opening. As he sat there he heard the sound of footsteps, and bounced into the bushes, just in time to escape the notice of a number of Indians who came into the open place, led by a man of remarkable stature, and an air of kingly dignity. A single glance convinced Tim that this was the man he least wished to see—Tecumseh. To his dismay, the party paused, and sat down at the very spot he had so lately occupied. There were seven in the group, besides the chief, and not more than ten feet separated them from the Irishman, who hardly dared to breathe, for fear of revealing his whereabouts to them. Even in this moment of extreme peril, he could not forbear glancing admiringly at the magnificent proportions of the frame of the great chief, or observing with what native dignity he took his

place as best man in the nation. The party took out pipes, lighted them, and smoked some time in silence. Tecumseh alone did not use the pipe, or sit down, but stood with folded arms, regarding the warriors as a father might look upon his children. If Harrison could have taken that party, the rising would never have happened, for there were the leading men of four powerful tribes, who obeyed the great Shawnee. At last one of the chiefs spoke.

“What has the great chief done with the Weasel?”

The speaker was chief of the Wyandotte tribe, for this great plot included even their borders.

“The Weasel has gone to Prophet’s Town to tell the Prophet that Tecumseh is coming. The little man is swift as the red deer. He is a good friend to the chief Tecumseh.”

The chief had a voice as flexible as a woman’s, when in repose, and the ferocity of the battle was not upon him. In war, like Rolla, he was “a tiger; in peace, a lamb.” Tim knew, however, that if the chief once got him in his hands, an instant death would be his portion. He longed to get out of such a dangerous neighborhood, but dared not move a limb, or the lynx-like ears of the Indians would have detected him.

“Arrah, to the fires wid ye, then,” he thought. “How will I get out av this, at all, at all? Sure I feel me scalp going. I hope I can stand it as well as many a better man.”

“Are the other tribes ready?” said the chief of the Wyandottes. “Let the chiefs speak.”

A heavy-limbed, long-armed Indian, with a nose hooked like the claw of a vulture, rose to his feet at the word, and bent a look upon the others. This was the head of the Sioux.

“The Sioux were far away, and the great Prophet of the Shawnee has said that they have hearts of lead in their bosoms. The Prophet is brother to Tecumseh, and he is a great warrior, but why should he lie about a tribe who love the Indians and hate white men. The Sioux waited, it is true; but why did they wait? They have been often deceived. They had not seen the great Tecumseh, and heard him speak. When he came, they knew that they had found a man who would not be afraid to strike. They had waited only for this.

Others had come to them before with lies on their tongues, and said, 'Let the Sioux rise and strike, and we will sweep the white men from the land of the Indian.' But, when the time came, the tribes who were hottest for battle were not to be found. They did not aid the Sioux, and many warriors fell, and we took only a few scalps. But we are ready now. We have found a man who will not turn back in the day of battle, and *may* put enough life even into the hearts of the Foxes to make them fight *this time*."

The chief of the Foxes, against whom most of this rude harangue had been directed, leaped to his feet angrily as soon as the other sat down. He was a smaller man than the last speaker, but had gained equal fame both at the council-fire and in the field.

"Why does the Sioux pause?" he cried, allowing his blanket to drop from his shoulder, so as to give full play to the muscular right arm, which was at once stretched out in an impressive gesture. "Why does he not go on in his insults to the great nation of the Foxes, who never were weak when there was a battle or it was time to make war. My brother has told a good tale, but he has made a mistake. He sent messengers to the Foxes and said, 'It is time to make war, let us dig up the hatchet.' I spoke for my young men and said, 'Not yet. The young men are gone to the hunting-grounds, to get food for their squaws and papposes in the coming winter. When they return, we will talk of war; and if they fall, their widows and papposes will have food to eat.' But, the Sioux were in a hurry. They would not wait, and they made war without the help of the Foxes. The white men beat them to their holes like rabbits; and, when all was done, they turned upon the Foxes and called them cowards. Where is a nation that has never forgotten that they are of Indian blood, and that it runs in that blood to hate white men? It is the nation of the Foxes. I see them, mighty in battle, great at the council-fire, skillful hunters, whose papposes never cry for bread. How can a chief of the Sioux say that the *Foxes* are not ready to fight? When Tecumseh came, I struck the hatchet into the red post, and called the braves to see it. Then they knew that war was at hand; but they were very glad. The Prophet spoke true

when he said that the hearts of the Sioux were like lead in their breasts."

With these parting words directed at the Sioux chief, the Fox sat down. The former was springing to his feet, when he was detained by the ringing voice of Tecumseh, who sprung into the center of the group, threw off his blanket, and stretched out his arms.

"Listen to me, my brothers," he said. "You are very wrong. Why come here with anger in your hearts against one who is to fight by your side in the day of battle. I have heard it said that, in the Good Book of the white men, there is a story like this: Two men were angered with each other, and they were brothers, as the chiefs of the Sioux and Foxes should be. But, in those days, they brought gifts for the Gitche Manitou, the Great Spirit whom they worship. One of these men, who quarreled with his brother, brought a gift. The medicine-man asked him if the gift was pure, not if it was *rich*. He said, 'I have a quarrel with my brother.' Then the medicine-man said, 'Leave the gift at the foot of the altar and find thy brother, and when you are friends with him, come and offer thy gift to the Gitche Manitou; for the offering must be pure.' And the man went away and presently came back, and his brother came with him, and they left two gifts upon the altar."

"My brothers, we must go into this work with clean hearts. There must be no dissensions among us at the beginning, or all my labor has been in vain. Take this tale of the white man's book (and my heart tells me that if they did as their Good Book teaches, we should not have to make war upon them) to your own breasts. And let us have no quarrels."

The Fox rose and offered his hand to the Sioux.

"My brother," he said, "we have both been to blame. The great chief is right. Let us be friends while the war lasts."

"It is well," said the Sioux.

They saluted in the Indian fashion. As they did so, Tecumseh caught a glimpse of Tim, who was endeavoring to steal away while the exciting discussion was going on. A startled yell from the great chief rung through the forest, and he started eagerly in pursuit. Tim knew that he had been seen

and that there was nothing for him but to trust to his speed. Luckily, he was a very swift runner, and in a race of five miles could distance any man in the Indian country. One, at least, of the Indians was more than his equal on a short race, and that was the Sioux chief. He must be disposed of, and that done, the Irishman was sure he could run the rest out of sight in half an hour. He did not look behind him, but he heard a heavy breathing, and long, quick steps, and knew that the Sioux was gaining. They were absolutely flying down the forest path and on level ground. Tim saw that the savage was not a rod away, going like the wind, with uplifted tomahawk. The Fox, the next best runner, was perhaps fifty feet in the rear of the Sioux, and Tecumseh as far behind him. The action of Tim was prompt. While going at full speed, he doubled his body like a ball and flung himself in the way of the Indian. The *ruse* was highly successful. The Indian stumbled over him, and falling headlong, struck his crown against the root of a tree, with such force that the blood gushed from his mouth, nose and ears. Quicker than thought, Tim was on his feet again, knife in hand, but a single glance convinced him that the weapon was not needed. The Sioux would trouble him no more that day, that was certain. He did not linger a second, but was off like a flash, with the Fox chief close in his rear, perhaps twenty feet away.

"Stay, white man, stay!" shouted the Indian. "A Fox would talk with you."

"Sure I ain't got time to tarry," replied Tim. "Some other time, an' it plase ye all the same."

The distance between them did not change for some time, and then the terrible pace they were going began to tell upon the Indian. Foot by foot he dropped astern, while Tim had got his second wind, and was as fresh as a daisy. As he bowled along over the forest path he became satisfied that the Indian had stopped. He began to run in a zigzag direction, to confuse the aim of the savage. At last the hatchet came, sent with all the force of disappointed rage, and the savages gave up the chase as they saw it pass close to the ear of the flying man without touching him at all. They went back and raised the senseless Sioux from the earth. One of the chiefs brought water from the creek, and they washed the

wound. But it was a hopeless thing. The force of the blow had crushed the skull like an egg-shell.

"He is dead," said the Fox. "There will be mourning in the land of the Sioux, and Atta-lano will be head chief."

They buried the chief where he fell, and hung his moccasins over the pile of stones, so that passers-by might know that a great chief of the Sioux slept beneath.

CHAPTER V.

THE FIGHT IN THE TREE—ED. LEWIS.

TIM ran on at his best speed for half an hour, improving at every stride, until he was quite certain he had thrown his followers off the scent. He then paused, and continued his course at a moderate walk, expressing the delight of his heart in a succession of chuckling laughs, which must have escaped or an explosion would have been the inevitable result. He pictured to himself the surprise of the savage when his legs were knocked from under him. "Maybe he's dead, the black baste," said the Irishman. "More's the pity if he isn't. Many and many's the poor innocent woman the bloody Sioux has killed. I hope he's got his gruel. Av I thought he hadn't, I'd have given him the knife."

He hurried forward. That night he slept in a tree-top, for he did not dare to trust himself on the ground, since the woods might contain prowling savages. This was not the first time Tim had slept in a tree. It was not comfortable, but he had always found it safe. He found a place among the thick branches, where many small limbs crossed and recrossed, making a matted bed, strong enough to bear his weight. The first thing he did was to bind his rifle to the tree, and hang his pistols beside it. Then he took off his sword belt, let it out to its full length, and pinned it around the strongest limb on which he lay, to keep himself from rolling off upon the ground in his sleep. There he lay on his back, looking up at the stars glimmering through the leaves.

"Many a man sleeps on a softer bed," said Tim, "but no one has a better coverlet than mine, the blue heaven sprinkled wid stars. Sure a poor wild Irishman like meself, is as happy as the best of them."

For more than an hour he was wide awake, and at the end of that time, fell into a tranquil slumber. The hours passed on, and Tim dreamed that there was something heavy on his breast. He woke suddenly, and saw a dark object outlined between himself and the sky, and knew that it was not all a dream. Some huge hairy beast had climbed into the tree, and laid himself at length upon him. The bold heart of Tim Whalen stood still. What a situation. He lay on his back, and the huge beast covered him from head to foot, and he could not free his body from the branch to which he had tied himself, neither did he dare to move, lest he should invite an attack. It is a remarkable characteristic of the feline race that they do not like to touch a body which appears to be dead, and the panther, for it was one of those terrible beasts which had Tim for company, was waiting for some movement on the part of his victim, before he attacked him in real earnest. Tim knew at a glance, by the outline of the head, the character of the animal with which he had to contend—the "Indian Devil." The round head and short ears could belong to no other beast in the world. Besides, it was beginning to get lighter, and Tim knew that morning was coming.

The brave fellow, after the first thrill of fear, was himself again, and began to think how he might assail the great monster effectually. Luckily, his hands were free, and he could move them without touching the body of the panther. He got his right hand free, and began to slip it imperceptibly toward the pistols which hung upon the tree. The first movement of his hand was greeted by a sharp growl on the part of the panther, and Tim stopped. Again and again he pushed it forward, and at last laid his hand upon the pistol, and removed them from the limb. As he brought his hand back, the panther put up a paw and gave the arm a playful pat, which nearly caused the weapons to fall to the ground. This was an admonition to caution, which Tim understood. He determined now to wait until morning, as every thing

depended upon making a sure shot. In his after life, in the many dangers and vicissitudes of the campaign, Tim had no such miserable minutes to pass as those in the tree, with that fierce brute lying on his breast.

It was a situation calculated to try the stoutest nerves. He had to keep painfully quiet, lest he should do something to invite an attack on the part of the ferocious creature, which he did not care to do. For more than half an hour he lay there, and then the morning came.

The movements of his arm were hidden by the body of the panther, which was one of gigantic growth. He passed one of the pistols under the limb on which he lay, so that he held one in each hand. The click of the triggers, as he cocked the pieces, caused an angry movement on the part of the panther. He began to growl again, and approached his fierce head within a few inches of the face of Tim, showing his glittering teeth. The life of the man depended on the pistols. If they missed fire all hope was gone. But he had faith in the weapons. He had tried them often, and they never had failed him. He lay quiet, after cocking them, waiting for the animal to become at ease, which it did after a while, and the green eyes closed under the steady gaze of the man. Cooper says that "there is something in the front of the image of his Creator, which daunts the hearts of the inferior beings of creation; and some such power, in the present instance, suspended the threatened blow." The great novelist understood whereof he wrote. His education was of the forest and plain, and he read nature as a printed book. The panther closed his eyes sleepily before the fixed gaze of the man.

That was the time waited for by Tim. He had placed the muzzle of one pistol against the left shoulder of the brute, just behind the shoulder blade, and the other at his ear. Just as the panther opened his eyes again both pistols exploded. By the wonderful muscular power with which the animal is singularly gifted, the body of the panther rose six feet into the air, with the lightness of a bird springing from the bough. At the same moment Tim slipped the buckle, and swung himself under the limb, just as the body of his foe came crashing down through the limbs, snapping them like matches. Tim

clasped the body of the tree and scrambled after his rifle, which still hung on the branch to which he had tied it. The moment he had it in his grasp he looked to see that it was ready for use, and then turned upon the panther, which was struggling on the earth below. Both balls had taken effect, but had not killed it, such is the wonderful tenacity of life in these creatures. Tim rested his rifle across the limb, pointed it at the head of the struggling beast, and pulled the trigger. The muscular limbs of the panther stretched out in a final throe, and he was dead.

"The saints be good to us," said Tim, as he began to descend from the tree. "Arrah, musha, musha ; it's the heretic's own luck I am having the day."

He reached the ground and went up to look at the fallen foe. It was a male, full six feet long, with its sharp, white teeth shining in the sun.

"Sure I've seen purtier bedfellows than the likes av ye, Misther Catamount," said he. "I does be thinkin' av ye had sought some one else, perhaps ye might have fared better. As it is, ye've got yer gruel, and I'm not a bit sorry. But I must have yer scalp."

He took out his knife and cut off the ears of the panther, with a portion of the scalp attached, for, by a law of the State, the person killing a panther was entitled to a reward upon showing the ears. Tim put his trophy in his pocket, gathered up his scattered weapons, and started on his way.

Late in the evening he reached the cabin of Mr. Neal. Lizzie was sitting just outside the door, with a guitar in her hand, playing low, sweet airs, for the benefit of a young man in the uniform of a United States captain of volunteers. He was an active-looking fellow of about twenty-eight, with a handsome face and figure, of the kind which women love. This was Captain Ed. Lewis, the accepted lover of the little maiden. He had got leave of absence for two days from Harrison, during the truce with the Prophet, and had made use of his time to ride over and visit Lizzie. As usual, Mr. Neal was not to be seen, although he did not intend to keep himself out of Ed's way. But, he had a fear of strangers, and did not know what one might happen to come by. For this reason he rarely left the house. He had a barred room of his own, which no one,

not even Lizzie, ever thought of entering without his permission, which was rarely accorded. Lizzie had been telling the captain about Tim, whose continued absence had caused some anxiety at the camp, where Harrison was much disturbed at the notion of losing his best scout.

"You are sure it was Tim?" asked Lewis.

"As if I do not know Tim Whalen, Ed. Of course it was. He found me in the woods asleep—"

"How can you do such things, dear Lizzie? Who knows what might happen?"

"Oh, there was no danger. I had Cain with me. I was asleep under a tree, and Tim came and woke me. He had a man with him whom I never saw before, and do not like at all—a tall man, with a broad, white face, and a long mustachio, which hung down below his chin, and a pointed beard. His name was Wilson, and he spoke of having authority among the tribes."

"As sure as my name is Lewis, I believe it was James Wilson, the English agent among the Indians. I used to know him. And you say Tim appeared to be friendly to him?"

"Yes, but Tim had not given his right name; he called himself McCarty."

"Let him alone to take care of himself," said Lewis, laughing. "The fellow is sharp-witted as a fox. He will do well, and if he does not fool the agent, I am mistaken."

"He whispered to me not to 'thrust' the stranger, so at least he put no confidence in the fellow."

"I thought so. But what was this man's object in coming to the cabin? You must beware of him. He is to be feared and hated. He works night and day against the United States, and yet finds time to work the ruin of peaceful families. I know enough of his villainy to wish for nothing better than a struggle with him, hand to hand, upon some glorious battlefield, or any other spot of ground in wide America."

"Why do you hate him, Ed.?"

"I would not shock your ears with the tale of his crimes, dear one," said Lewis. "Not for the world. But I know him, and I pray for the time to come when we can meet."

"I hope you will never see him, Ed. I know that he is a bad man. The moment I saw his white face I said, in my

heart, 'What a cruel, cold, calculating heart is here! This man will do me some harm.' I am sure I can not account for it, but I thought that the moment I saw him."

"If I thought so," said Ed. fiercely, "I would seek him out and kill him. But he can do you no harm. What did he say to you?"

"His eyes were on my face all the while until I grew angry at his staring, when he apologized for it by saying that I reminded him of some face he could not recall. But, no doubt, that was a lie on his part. I do not think he could have seen any one who looked like me."

"Certainly no one so beautiful," said Ed., promptly, seeing the opening for a compliment, and cutting into it in great haste.

"There! You know I did not *fish* for that, Ed. But I like to have you think me beautiful. I am more worthy of you if I am, for I am only a flighty thing, at the best. But, this man stared me out of countenance, and then gave that reason. Is there anybody who looks like me?"

"Your father is the handsomest man I know, and he has the same color in hair and eyes that you have. Perhaps this fellow has met your father somewhere. He has been in this country many years."

"Then you think he knew my father?"

"I don't *know* that he did. He may have done so."

"Then my father must not see him."

"Why so?"

"Because he wishes to cut off all connection with the past, and build up for himself a new name and new future in the place of that which is gone. You know that my dear father has been unfortunate; that he has endured trials and reverses enough to bear any man down. Some time you will know what they were, but not now."

"I do not wish to know them. Let them be forgotten with the rest. Your future is secured. You will be my wife, even if disgrace attach itself to the past. It can not approach you."

"Disgrace! What made you think of that? I know of no disgrace which is attached to our name. Misfortune, perhaps, but disgrace, never. If I thought that, I would never marry any honorable man."

"Do not suppose I thought so, Lizzie. I merely spoke of that as the strongest argument to prove my love. But I am ashamed that I spoke of it at all. I think I have proved my love before."

"I never doubted it, Ed. I wonder where Tim is now; good Tim, he is always ready to do any thing for us. I hope he has not fallen into the hands of the Indians."

"He is not likely to do that," said Ed. "He knows their tricks too well."

"Thru for ye, thin, me boy," cried a cheerful voice, "and here is Tim himself to the fore."

As he spoke, the scout emerged from the bushes, and stood before them, a good-natured grin overspreading his jovial face.

"The top av the morning till ye, Miss Lizzie. Sure it's a sight for sore eyes to see ye ag'in, afther the sights av copper-colored haythins I've been among since last we met. Arrah, musha, it's a sad thing to have to go into the middle av an Injun village, and me hatin' the black bastes as I do. Hoot! bad luck to him."

"Where have you been, Tim?" asked Ed.

"Been! Sure I've been to Prophet's Town, just."

"Prophet's Town!" shouted Ed., leaping to his feet. "And you have brought away your scalp safe! But you didn't go into the town?"

"That's your mistake, Masther Ed.," replied Tim. "I walked intil the town as bould as a lion, wid me friend, Captain Wilson."

"You will have to explain that matter to the General, Tim. It looks like consorting with the enemy."

"Phat else would it look like, thin?" replied Tim, coolly. "I was doin' that same thing."

"I am sorry to hear you say it, Tim. What induced you to go with him?"

"Sure he *hired* me to go," replied Tim. "He giv' me five goold suv'rins in my fist. And by the same token, I have them now."

"You have taken pay for your services?" asked Ed., sadly.

"Troth I have, thin. An' I'll do it ag'in the same way."

Sure it's sorry pay the Yankees gev' me anyhow, and phat wud I stay wid thim for, any more?"

"Then go, miserable man," said Ed., completely deceived. "You have been so good a friend to our cause, that I can not find it in my heart to make you prisoner; but go, before I forget our former friendship. You have taken the pay of the enemy, have done service for them, and have the assurance to come here and tell it to me, an officer in the service of the United States."

"I'm a blaguard, ain't I, Masther Ed.?" said the Irishman, with a mischievous twinkle in his eye. "Ye wouldn't have thought it av me, would ye now?"

"No, Tim; I would have staked my life on your faith."

"An' ye may yit, Masther Ed. Phat I an' have ye no more faith in Tim Whalen than that? D'ye think that, for all the goold in the Bank av England, I'd turn thraitor to the counthry that is raised up for the poor av all nations to make a home in? Masther Ed., I'm a poor man—ye know that; but I'm not to be bought and sold. Tim *McCarty* took the money av the Englishman, and pit it in his pocket; an' I borried Tim *McCarty's* clothes."

"Do you mean to say you have been faithful, after all? I am thankful to hear it. There is my hand, Tim. I have suspected you ungenerously, and I am sorry for it."

"That's all right—that's all right," replied Tim, shaking his superior by the hand heartily. "But I have been in Prophet's Town, all the same. I told ye thruth thin."

"And you went in with Wilson?"

"Yis. I'll tell ye how it was. He took me for an Irishman tired av the Yankees, and hired me to go wid him, and I wint. Sure I'd as lieve go to Prophet's Town in his company as in any other. *He* knows their ways."

"I should have thought he would have suspected you."

"He didn't. Sure I'm regularly in the service of Ould England. I'm sint to spy out the position an' number av the Yankees, an' I'm goin' to do it."

"Tim," said Lizzie, "what a dreadful liar you must be to make him believe you are friendly to England, when you know you hate England like death."

"To be sure I do, alanah. But wud I go tell him that,

whin he stood ready to shoot me throo the head in a minnit? I couldn't do *that*. I guess I *must* have told wan or two small little lies, for which the praste'll forgive me, sure."

"Does he expect you to meet him again?"

"Oh, yis. I am to come to the place where I found Miss Lizzie aslape the other day. He gives me three days to spy out the Yankees and come to him. I hope he may know me when he sees me."

"You must meet him."

"I'll niver do it. He'd kill me."

"But he doesn't suspect you," said Ed.

"Sure an' I had a small matther av a brush wid Tecumseh and four or five other blaguards up the river, and he may tell the captain or may not. But how am I to know?"

"You can't, very well. But I think I would risk it. Manage to see him before he sees you, and you can tell by his face whether he is angry or not. Are you sure Tecumseh knew you?"

"He never saw any thing but me *back*, ye may be sure av that. One blaguard followed me so close that he tripped over me fut, an' fell down, poor lad. I'm afraid he didn't get up again right soon. Hurted his head, maybe."

"That is strange," said Ed., laughing. But if Tecumseh didn't know you, we will catch this Indian agent. Harrison told me he would give any thing to get him into his power. You may be sure he will make his way here, and if he does, we are likely to have him. I will go back to camp to-morrow. You will go with me, and we will bring back two or three men of my company, in case the fellow has any of his friends with him, and take him prisoner. The fellow is brave enough, and will make a desperate fight. I met him once, and he tried my strength, I know. It was only my skill as a wrestler that enabled me to upset him. But I did it."

"When was that, Masther Ed?"

"About three years ago. We had met before at Malden, where I had gone from Detroit, and each knew the other for an Indian agent. I was in the woods, between the Fox and Winnebago country, and met him. One word brought on another, and he accused me of acting dishonorably in my office. Of course I gave him the lie, and we had a tussle. I was

only a hot-headed boy then ; I should know better now, and perhaps I *had* tricked him a little. At any rate, we had a clinch, and I got the hip-lock on him you taught me, 'Tim.'

"It's a good lock, Masther Ed."

"It is, indeed. It worked like a charm. He struck on his head and shoulders in a way that very nearly drove the life out of his body. When he got up he was cool again, but he swore to get even with me before he died, and if he ever gets a chance, he'll do it."

"He bade me look out for ye, Masther Ed., and said ye were sharp."

"I am glad he has such a good opinion of me. Did he give you any other message?"

"Yis ; wan more."

"What was it?"

"Faix I couldn't tell ye."

"Why not?"

"It's a sacret between him and Miss Lizzie."

"Tim !" cried Lizzie.

"Don't be afeard, Miss Lizzie," said Tim, who was bent on making mischief. "I'd niver tell."

"What is this message, 'Tim ?" asked Ed., beginning to look rather glum.

"It's only a *letther*," said Tim, coolly.

"A letter ! What business has the scoundrel to write to you, Lizzie ? I don't understand this."

"Sure if a lad writes a love-letther to a gurl, whose business is that same but his own ?" said Tim, coolly. "They *will* do it."

"Tim," said the young officer, "you know I will bear a great deal from you ; but, if you do not give up that letter I will not answer for the consequences."

"Give it up, will I ? To be *sure* I will, to Miss Lizzie. There it is, alannah, and I may say that the captain is over head and ears in love wid ye by this time, and the language is overpowering. He wud have ye fly wid him to a furrin shore."

"Infernal scoundrel," fumed Ed., "I will make him pay for this. And if it is an invention of yours, Master 'Tim, I will break every bone in your skin."

"That would make a doctor necessary," said Tim. "Don't do it."

Lizzie was looking over the letter with a curious expression on her face. She read it twice carefully, hesitated, and then said:

"Will you promise not to be angry if I let you read this letter, Ed.?"

"How can I tell?" replied Ed.

"You won't see it unless you promise," said Lizzie.

"What nonsense! There—I promise. Now let me see it."

"It is a curious missive," said the girl, as she handed it to him. "Remember your promise."

Ed. read the model document—which was a violent protestation of love at first sight on the part of the captain—forgot his promise in a moment, and broke into a transport of rage. But the calm voice of the girl recalled him to himself.

"Bear in mind that I have had nothing to do with this foolishness on the part of the captain," she said, "and that you have no cause to be angry."

"But the bare-faced impudence of the proposal!" said Ed.

"Granted; the captain is an impudent man. But, that does not hurt *us*. I receive his missive, let you read it, tear it in pieces, and never answer it. That is the end."

"Do not think it. The fellow will come here. He will use all his subtle persuasions to win you away from me."

"If you think him capable of *that*, Ed.," said Lizzie, a little angry in turn, "there is no more to say on the subject."

"He will stop at nothing to accomplish his design."

"You can checkmate him there. Go, as you proposed to do, and come back in time to capture this impudent fellow, who seems to think all women ready to bow down to him. Perhaps a sojourn in a Yankee prison may have some effect upon him."

"You are an angel," said Ed. "I was unjust."

"Precisely. But, Tim is hungry; I must get him something to eat."

"Miss Lizzie was always right," said Tim. "I *am* hungry."

He proved his words good by a most vigorous assault upon

every thing eatable on the table. They had a pleasant evening at the cabin, and early in the morning the two said their firewells to their entertainers, and set out to cross the river. Tim found a canoe this time, and ferried himself and companion over without mishap. Once on the other shore they waved a good-by to Lizzie, and started on their way to Harrison's camp.

CHAPTER VI.

A PROMPT LOVER.

CAPTAIN JAMES WILSON finished his business at Prophet's Town in time to set out on the return trail the day after Tim left the village. Before going, he had the honor of an interview with Tecumseh. The chief had not been able to identify Tim, but told the captain that they had met a man in the wood who had killed the great Sioux chief. This news annoyed the captain very much, for he had counted on the assistance of the Sioux nation in the coming contest, but now the tribe must go through a certain formula before they could join in the battle. However, there was a truce for some days. In the mean time, the captain determined to carry out a little plan of his own. He had a horse at Prophet's Town, and took him with him on his journey. Although this forced him to follow a longer trail, the speed of the animal more than compensated for this.

Tecumseh bade him a cordial good-by. He knew that the Englishman was a warm friend of the Indians.

"Say to the fathers that when they are ready, let them sound the war-cry, and Tecumseh and his braves will be ready."

"Who doubts the honor of Tecumseh?" was the reply. "When he is wanted, he will come."

The agent rode rapidly, and at night drew rein at Neal's cabin. The captain could not get this forest beauty out of his head. She followed him in his waking and sleeping dreams. In spite of his exterior, the Englishman had a passionate

nature, and loved or hated with equal fervor. Lizzie could not forbear a smile as the captain dismounted at the door and Cub advanced to take his horse. He certainly did not intend to allow the iron to cool. He was another Ruy Gomez, minus the good qualities, and plus all the perseverance.

"You return soon," said Lizzie, coldly. "May I ask to what I may attribute the honor of this visit?"

She received him reservedly, but he had expected that.

"After my letter, you must have known I would come," he said.

"True; but you did not wait for my answer."

"And what would your answer have been?" he asked, eagerly.

"Can you ask that? *Nothing!*"

"You would have slighted me, then?"

"Why not? I do not even know your name except by accident. Can we do any thing for you?"

"Yes. Darkness has set in, and I ask shelter for this night."

"You shall have it. Enter."

He followed her into the apartment. She stole a look at his face, and saw determination written in every line of it. He was not a man to give up any object lightly. Ed. had been right when he said that the man would make her trouble. She gave her orders to Dinah in a low voice, and then sat down at the other side of the fire-place and took up her knitting, looking very little at the strange wooer on the other side. For his part, he was content to sit there and watch her nimble fingers while at work. We can but honor the sentiment of love in any man, be he ever so lowly or base, and the sudden love of James Wilson for this beautiful girl was the one redeeming quality of his nature, which otherwise was wicked."

"You read my letter?" he said.

"Yes."

"What did you do with it?"

"I destroyed it."

He nodded gravely.

"Did you receive my message from the Irishman?"

"After reading your letter I was not disposed to receive any message from you."

"Then I must tell you. You are in danger here. Indeed, no one on the border is safe from the savages now. You must leave this place."

"As you doubtless are mainly instrumental in setting the savages at work on the border, you ought to be able to hazard an opinion on that point. We have our own ideas in regard to the matter, and shall take measures for our safety. Does that satisfy you?"

"Do not depend upon Harrison's army for protection. In a few days you shall hear of the rout of that army—a rout as complete as it will be dreadful. Few will be left alive. I speak from my knowledge of what is to come. You would do better to place yourself in my charge."

"Excuse me; I do not yet see the necessity of so desperate a step as that."

"Why desperate?"

"I call it desperation when forced to seek the protection of an enemy."

"I am not your enemy. I love you."

"Please be particular not to speak upon that silly subject any more, sir. I am too old to be made the object of a capricious attachment, and am in no danger of falling in love with you. Let us drop the matter, now and forever."

"I can not do that. I have told you that I love you, and I will not give up because another has been longer in pursuit of the prize I covet. I will not speak of it, if you so desire, but my determination will be the same."

"And what is that determination, if I may ask?"

"To make you my wife, at all hazards. I shall not hesitate as to the means employed, be sure. Do not think to escape me. I never was balked yet."

"This is useless. I must beg leave to bid you good-night. And let me say that my servant will show you your room. Your language has been such that I can not feel safe while you are free to roam about the house at your pleasure. And to make sure that you will not do this, I wish to say that the dog Cain will lie at your door all night, and that it will not be safe for you to attempt to leave your room."

"I am your prisoner," he answered. "Do with me as you will."

Lizzie retired, and spoke a few words with Dinah, who nodded in reply. Shortly after, the captain expressed a desire to go to rest, and Dinah showed him his room. It was a small one, in the eastern angle of the building, lighted by a single latticed window. Soon after, he heard the rattle of the dog's chain, as he was brought into the house, and heard Dinah say :

“Watch him, ole boy.”

A bitter smile crossed his face at the idea of being made prisoner by a girl. Dinah had left a light, and he sat down at the little table near the window, in deep thought. As he did so, his hand dropped upon an old-fashioned book, which lay upon it. He opened it mechanically and turned to what seemed the family record, for it was a Bible. There were many names recorded in the book, and he noted that the surname, in every instance, had been erased with great care. Why was this precaution taken? He turned to the fly-leaf and saw a name which age had rendered so indistinct that it had not been thought necessary to erase it. Or perhaps it had been overlooked on account of its dimness.

“I will see what this is,” said the captain, “and if it tells me nothing, I will open the window and escape.”

He opened a side pocket in his coat, and took out a couple of small vials of green cut glass. From one he turned a small portion of a colorless fluid upon the name, and fanned it until quite dry. When this was done, he took the other vial and poured a little of the contents into his hand. From his pocket he took a sheet of fine blotting paper, which he saturated with this liquid, and laid it upon the other page and closed the book, pressing it with all his strength. He held it in this way for about a minute, and then opened the book, lifted the blotting paper, and saw, with a glow of intense pleasure, this inscription :

“WALTER RASHLEIGH,

“Montreal, Canada.

“His book.”

“By all the devils!” cried the Englishman; “I know him now. She can not escape me.”

The first burst of excitement over, he became calmer. He tore out the leaf of the Bible and folded it carefully, putting

it in a sealskin pouch, in which he kept his valuables. An expression of intense satisfaction spread itself over his face. He sat down again and was buried in thought, tapping restlessly upon the cover of the book which had served him so well. After a while he took up the two vials and replaced them in the pocket from which he had taken them, removed his clothes and lay down, after carefully barring the door. He placed the sealskin pouch under the pillow, as if he now regarded it as very valuable. He slept until aroused by Dinah's tap at the door to tell him that breakfast was served. He rose and dressed hastily and went out. Lizzie was waiting to pour out coffee, and could not help observing the exultation of his face.

"I hope you rested well," she said, with a latent smile at the thought of the guard he had had before his door through the night.

"Never better," he said, in all good faith. "I was asleep when the servant called me."

"I am glad to hear it."

"Will not your father meet us this morning?" he said.

"I think not," was the reply.

"I shall see him after breakfast, then?"

"He never sees strangers."

"I am quite sure he will see *me*."

"He will not, I am quite as *sure*."

He ate a hearty breakfast, and then asked for pen and ink. Dinah brought them, and he inscribed a note to Mr. Neal, and this is what he wrote:

"If W. R. will come out of his room he will see an old friend. It will be for his interest to come without useless dallying.

"JAMES WILSON."

"Will you do me the favor to take or send this to your father, Miss Neal?"

"I do not like to trouble him with it," she said. "I know he will not come."

"Girl!" he said, sternly, "you are doing your father and yourself an injury by refusing to take this note."

She rose at once and took it into the large room in which her father slept. He was up and sitting at the table when she entered.

"Well, has he gone?" he said, eagerly.

"No, father. On the contrary, he sends you this."

He took the note and glanced over it. He was indeed a handsome man—as handsome for a man as his daughter was for a woman, and of the spiritual style of beauty so seldom seen in a man. His hair was of a rich, golden brown, and was rolled back in clusters from a brow white as a woman's. His eyes were blue, like his daughter's, and full of liquid tenderness. At the words of the note, a sort of gray pallor crept into his face, and he seemed for a moment about to faint. Lizzie ran to him and caught him in her arms, drawing his head upon her breast, as tenderly as if he were a child.

"What is it, my dear father? Speak to me."

He recovered himself with an effort and rose to his feet.

"I must see this man," he said. "Where is he?"

He had not been out of that room, when a stranger was in the house, for over a year. He went out now, at the first summons of the British captain. He sat at the table, with that disagreeable smile still upon his face, waiting for the coming of Neal. As he entered, he rose and offered his hand.

"I knew you would come," he said. "I thought you could not refuse to meet an old friend, such as I am, Mr. Neal."

There was a strange emphasis on the word. Even Dinah noticed it.

"Let us go out of this," said Neal. "I want air. I can talk to you better outside."

They walked together into the opening, and from that into the woods. Suddenly Neal turned upon the Englishman with a knife in his hand. For a moment he looked as if he meant to assail him, but the next, he took it by the point and offered it to the Englishman.

"Take it," he said.

"What do I want of it?"

"Kill me. I am ready to die."

"I hope not," replied Wilson. "You have a great many days of life yet. I do not want to kill you. I am your friend, and would have you believe me so."

"*You* my friend; *you*, James Wilson!"

"I am your friend. I will prove it to you if you will give me the chance."

"I might have known that you would hunt me down, James Wilson," replied Neal, in an agonized voice. "Prove your assumed or real friendship. Take this knife and kill me. Or stay; you have a pistol in your pocket; you always have. Shoot me through the head, and I give you not only forgiveness, but a blessing for the deed."

"Pish, man; *kill* you! Why should you die at all? Do you think I am here to betray you? Did I not always stand your friend?"

"If it is friendship to uphold a man in evil courses, to be always at his elbow, to whisper evil counsel in his ear, to lure him on until he commits a crime, and then to shift all responsibility from your own shoulders—why, then, you were always my friend. But I know you, James Wilson. Why could you not let me rest? I had cut all connection with the hateful past, and under a new name, have been striving to live such a life as to make, in some measure, atonement for the one evil deed of my life—for the crime which will follow me, and seems to demand its punishment on earth. Do me the justice to believe that I care nothing for myself. It concerns the future of my child, my beautiful Lizzie. How can I tell *her* what it is that drove me to this solitude. She thinks it misfortune, nothing more. I thank God now that her mother was dead before the fatal hour."

"It was the sight of her face which first put me on your track, Walter," said Wilson. "When I first saw her, it seemed a reproduction of a lost face. I could not place it; I could not remember. I racked my brains in vain. Do you know how I found you out at last? There is an old Bible in the room where I slept last night. I don't know how it happened, but I opened it, and found the family record, which you had rendered illegible. But the name on the first page, written in pale ink, had faded, so that, in some way, you passed it over. I could not read it, but I have in my possession two liquids which will make plain the oldest writing. It brings back the original color of the ink. From a fancy, more than any thing else, I tried these liquids on that indistinct name, and here it is."

He took out the seal-kin pouch and showed the other the name written on the torn leaf. Walter Rashleigh, for that

was his true name, looked at it a moment, and gave it back.

"Why did you come here yesterday?"

"I wish to speak of that. Not long ago, I saw your daughter and loved her. I love her now, and wish to make her my wife."

"You!"

The utter loathing expressed in that single word can not be described. Wilson quailed before it.

"You!" repeated Walter Rashleigh. "You marry my daughter! As there is a God in heaven, James Wilson, I would sooner kill her with my own hand than see her incur such a miserable future as that!"

"Very well," said Wilson, pale with anger. "I shall remember that insult, Walter Rashleigh; be sure I shall not forget it. I am not good enough for your daughter; we shall see how you will become a felon's dock."

"You will never see that day, James. I shall not live to return to Canada."

"You *shall*, if I take you with my own hands."

The unhappy father quailed before this threat.

"Spare me," said Rashleigh. "I did not know what I was saying. My child is at liberty to choose. If she likes you, I would not oppose her choice; but, by heaven, I would rather see her in her grave. I *will* say it."

"'Let the galled jade wince,'" muttered the Englishman. "So you give me liberty to address your daughter as a suitor?"

"No, I will not."

"Then you have to pay a visit to the pleasant city of Montreal, and explain a little occurrence on the night of the 24th of April, ten years ago, on Notre Dame street. Would you like to do it?"

"Stay. Give me time to draw my breath. You shall have the permission you ask. You may speak of love to Lizzie. It will be useless; she loves some one else."

"I know that, but I have the old confidence in my own powers, Walter. I shall do well enough. Pish, don't let *that* trouble you. I hope no Yankee booby can get ahead of James Wilson in a love affair."

"He is no booby."

"You are right. He is a sharp fellow. All the more pleasure in defeating him, then, and I shall do it. Do you choose to continue under your new name?"

"For the present, yes."

"Then be it so. You shall be Walter Neal. Now take me back to the house, and introduce me to your daughter as your former friend."

The hand of Wilson was still on the sealskin pouch, and the father dared not refuse. They went back to the house. Lizzie, sitting at the door, on a low bench, looked up in surprise at the triumphant face of the captain.

"Lizzie," said Neal, "let me make you acquainted with Captain James Wilson, an old—friend."

He choked over the last word, but got it out, and passed her, going into the house. The captain sat down by Lizzie, smiling. He was progressing well.

CHAPTER VII.

"BAGGED."

HE was a desperate wooer, and Lizzie could not help acknowledging it. She began to doubt whether it was safe to have Ed. away, when she was followed by so persistent a suitor. He haunted her steps like a shadow, and made love *a la militaire*. He gave her no rest. There were times when Master Ed. was really in danger. Captain Wilson was a man of rare power in conversation, a reader of many books, a traveler in many countries, and he knew what to say to win a woman's heart. Every thing he did while in her presence, every word he spoke, was directed to this end. He anticipated her every wish, and yet did not make his attentions at all obtrusive. This species of mute adoration must bear fruit at last. Lizzie felt her defenses going down one by one; she wanted Ed. to come quickly; she was actually beginning to like the captain.

He certainly was a pleasant companion.

Mr. Neal, as we must continue to call him, saw with despair the impression which the captain was making, and two or three times was tempted to warn her against him; but as often as he thought of it, he thought also of that piece of paper in the sealskin pouch, and shrunk from doing it. The captain did not seem to know that he was making any advance, but, after he had been there three days, he found Lizzie very willing to take her guitar and sing to him, or to sit upon the bench at the door while he talked of other lands and of people he had seen. If perseverance deserves a reward, the captain deserved to succeed, for he had done well in the face of seemingly insurmountable difficulties.

At the end of the third day he became restless, and made frequent excursions into the woods. He did not allow himself to forget, in his love, that he had work to do for his country, and the time was drawing near for Tim's return. Lizzie was restless, too. This was the day which was to rid her of this importunate lover, who was forcing her to like him in spite of fate and prejudice.

Late in the afternoon, he asked her to take a walk with him. She would have refused three days before; but, as a proof of the advance he had made, she assented, and brought her guitar. He took it from her hand and called Cain. The dog, following the example of his mistress, liked the captain. He was with the agent all the time in his tramps through the woods, picking up the game he shot, from time to time. How he had gained the affections of the savage brute was a matter of wonder to Cub, who had never been able to induce the dog to be very friendly to himself, though he had been in the family for years. They went down the shady path by the river-side, and found that opening in the woods where the captain had found Lizzie sleeping and loved her. She tuned her guitar, and they sung a number of songs, unconscious that a pair of jealous eyes, and another pair of laughing ones, watched them from the thicket.

"I am expecting Tim to meet me here to-day," said the captain. "Do you see that mark on the bark of the tree? That means that I am still in the neighborhood. He will look for me if he does not happen to meet me here."

"I do not think it is safe for you to stay here any longer," said Lizzie.

Solicitude for his safety! Here was an advance with a vengeance. In truth, the little woman had twinges of conscience at the idea of making the love of the captain a trap to ensnare him, and began to wish that he would go away before the coming of Tim.

But that was past praying for.

"Why do you think I ought to go away?" he asked.

"Because it is not safe here," she persisted.

"I don't quite see that," he replied. "There is a truce, now, and Harrison is fifteen miles away. I know he would give something to get me in his clutches."

"Then why do you stay here?"

"How can *you* ask that question? Do you think I can go away? When I first came here, you hated me. Now, I do not think you feel so badly toward me as that."

"I do not wish to see you injured," she replied, looking down. "I wish you would go away at once."

"You must know of some threatening danger."

"I will tell you nothing. The scouts of Harrison often come here, and they would take you."

Sweet things for the jealous eyes to see and the ears to hear! At this moment a clear voice broke out in song, the brogue of which could not be mistaken.

"An' they said to him, 'Phat the devil d'ye want,

Thrav'lin' down the road, sir?

An' phy d'ye rave an' phy d'ye rant,

Thrav'lin' down the road, sir?"

Sez he, 'The maiden's faith is bad,

Thrav'lin' down the road, sir;

For she have got another lad,

Thrav'lin' down the road, sir.'"

"That's *Tim*," said Lizzie. "You can't make a mistake in him. I wonder where he has been so long?"

"He has been to the American army; at least, I sent him there. You will excuse me if I go aside for a little private conversation with him. I expect important information."

The voice of the singer came nearer and nearer, and at last he broke through the bushes which bordered the path, and

approached the spot where they still were sitting, with a merry twinkle in his eye. In fact he had been watching them from the bushes for some time, and it tickled his fancy that the Englishman should show this progress in love-making against such difficulties.

"Good afternoon, Tim," said Lizzie. "You look well."

"Look well is it? Sure, don't say the word, an' ye sittin' there, lookin' like a paycock the day! Sure, it makes wan's heart glad to see a beautiful gurl; doesn't it, captain dear?"

"Tim, your taste can not be questioned," said the captain. "What was that you were singing as you came up?"

"Sure that's a little song of my own composition," said Tim, "illustrating the calamitous circumstances attending the fate av a young man in me own county av Tipperary, Ireland. Ye see, the young man had a swateheart who was very fond av him, but wan day he was goin' through a woods, and there he see her settin' undther a tree, playin' on wan av them things Miss Lizzie have there, wid another chap settin' be her side. And the song is intended to describe his faylings at that very time and on' that very spot."

"I can sympathize with the poor fellow," said the captain, laughing.

Lizzie looked disconcerted. She knew that Tim was aiming at her, and was conscious that she had allowed the captain to get himself into her good graces to a considerable extent. She rose hurriedly.

"I think I must go," she said.

"Wait a few moments," said Wilson, "and I shall have the honor of walking back with you. Don't hurry away."

"No, stay, Miss Lizzie," said Tim. "I've got something to show ye purty soon. Wan av the natest things ye iver saw in all yer life. Harmless as any baby. No danger. Nothin' charged for lookin'. Ye'd better stay."

She was very anxious to prevent a collision between Ed. and the captain, and sat down under a tree, when Tim began an elaborate little fiction in regard to his movements during the past three days.

"In the first place," said the captain, "you began wrong. You did not deliver my message to Miss Lizzie."

"Sure that wasn't the first thing I did ye wouldn't have liked," thought Tim. But he only said: "Sure I gave her the letther."

"Yes; but you did not tell her to make arrangements to leave this dangerous region. However, that trouble is over. I will attend to that. You went to Harrison's camp?"

"Yis; but first I must tell ye: I hadn't but just come to Nale's cabin, when I met the very man ye tould me to kape away from. Ye mind him—Ed. Lewis?"

"Yes. You met *him* here?"

"Yis. The blaguard have an eye like a hawk. Says he, 'Who was that ye had wid ye at the cabin the other day?' I was afeard I was gone, but says I, 'It was an Indian trader, goin' home.' 'Phat was his name?' says he. 'Name?' says I. 'Av course,' says he. 'He have a name, haven't he?' says he. 'Ye're mighty right,' says I, 'he have a good name av his own.' 'Phat is it?' says he. 'How wud I know?' says I; 'he wanted his name for himself.' 'Were you fool enough to travel about the Indian country with a man that didn't give you any name?' says he. 'I'm just that fool,' said I, 'seein' he paid me; an' wid that I whips out the goold guineas ye giv' me. As soon as he put his eyes on thim, he swore I had been dalin' wid a Britisher. 'Come along, ye blaguard,' says he; 'sure ye must go to camp.' That was what I wanted, but I raised the wake av a hullaballoo about it, and thried to get away. But he caught me and med me go wid him. Well, when we got to camp at night, he took me sthraight till Harrison. The ould man looked at me a minit. 'Phare did I tell you to go the other night?' 'To the divil,' said I. 'Did you go?' says he. 'Yis,' says I; 'but the blaguard don't know good company when he sees it, and he wouldn't have me.' That pl'ased the ould man, an' he questioned me a bit, an' then let me go ag'in. I wint out intil the camp an' skylarked round wid the boys, and found out all about their number and phat they are goin' to do."

"Good! What is their number?"

Tim hitched a little nearer the captain, in such a position that he could rise to his feet by a single spring, before he answered.

"Eighteen thousand."

"A large force. I had no idea he had so many. Are you sure you are not deceived?"

"Not a bit. By the way, Ed. Lewis sint a message to you, captain."

"He did? What was it?"

There was a slight stir in the bushes at the question and answer. The captain looked sharply about him. The noise had ceased, slight as it was. It might have been a bird or rabbit. Ashamed that he had allowed so slight a thing to startle him, the captain turned to the Irishman for his answer.

"His message was—take him when you find him again."

"And did you promise to do it?"

"Yis."

The captain laughed aloud.

"When are you going to do the job?"

"Now!" shouted Tim, throwing himself suddenly upon the captain, and inclosing his wrists in a vice-like grasp, at the same time flinging him back upon the sod. "Come out!"

The last two words were intended as a signal, at which four men sprung from the thicket. They were just in time. By the exertion of his immense strength, the captain had wrenched one hand free, and was striking out desperately at the face of Tim, who parried the blows as well as he could, though he got one or two hard ones, which brought blood every time. The four men threw themselves upon the Englishman, and a terrible struggle ensued, resulting in binding the captain hand and foot. Ed. had taken no part in the capture, but stood a few feet away, looking on quietly, ready to lend assistance when needed. But the work was done without him, and the men arose panting.

"Who are you?" cried Wilson, looking at the Irishman. "You double traitor, what is your name?"

"I belave I *did* make a bit av a mistake whin I gave you me name the other day. I tould ye it was McCarty. Any man can make a mistake like that. But my name is Tins Whalen, not Tim McCarty."

"I repeat that you are a black traitor, a liar and a scoundrel of the deepest dye."

"Any more swate names ye wud be plaised to call me?"

Don't be bashful. Spit them out. Sure I'm not so modest that a bad name or so from a dirty snake av a Britisher makes any difference to me. Phat? wud ye have me tell me inimy that me name was Whalen, and that I was a scout av Harrison's? Phat wud I do *that* for at all, whin ye tould me yoursilf that ye stood ready to shoot me down av I tould ye sich a word? Ye have only yoursilf to blame in the matter. It's fooled ye are intirely, ye thafe av a dog."

"Fooled—duped by an ignorant bog-trotter, whom I ought to have known for a born liar. Who betrayed me?"

"I did, captain dear."

"Don't call me that again, or the moment I get my hands free I'll kill you."

"Kape your timper, man—kape your timper. Sure it won't do you any good to git *maul*. I've done me bist to kape ye comfortable. I let ye have yer talk out wid Miss Lizzie to-day, if Masther Ed. *was* crazy to be at you, long ago."

"Master Ed.? Who do you mean?"

"Sure it's Captain Ed. Lewis, acushla. There he is forinst ye now."

Ed. now came forward.

"Stand aside, Tim," he said. "No talking with the prisoner in future. This is one of the reverses of which we sometimes hear, captain. We have met before, as I think."

"We are likely to meet again," said the captain. "What do you mean to do with me?"

"Of course you are to go to Harrison's camp. The General has expressed a wish to see you, and the old man does not like to be balked in any little wish like that. Let me loosen these cords upon your feet. There; now let me help you to arise. See what Mars gets when he descends to the lute. While you have been dancing attendance upon this young lady, we have been finding means for your capture."

"You have succeeded. I wish to say a few words to this young lady. You may be witness of them, if you choose."

"By no means," replied Ed., bitterly. "I never interfere between lovers. Men, load your rifles, and stand aside. If he attempts to escape, shoot him through the head. Take good aim."

"Are those your orders?"

"They are. And my men can hit any thing as large as your body at three hundred yards. So you see what your chances are."

"I see," said the Englishman. "What I wish is merely to say good-by to Miss Lizzie, and give her some directions as to her future course."

"I conclude, then, that you have gained the right to direct her. Tim, go to Miss Lizzie and say she has permission to bid the prisoner good-by, and that we will remain out of ear-shot."

"Go yoursilf, Masther Ed. I won't belave Miss Lizzie has thrown you over."

"She shall not play fast and loose with me," replied the young soldier. "My betrothed can not have another lover. Obey my orders, sir."

Tim went off with a hesitating step to the place where Lizzie was standing.

"Musha, then, the fat's in the fire *now*, Miss Lizzie. Phat the saints did ye mane be letting the captain make love till ye for?"

"How could I help it, Tim? You know what an impudent fellow he is. Why does not Ed. come to me?"

"Faix he *won't*; that's flat. He says ye have played him false, and have another lover; and may the owls fly away wid me av it don't look so to me. Anyhow, Masther Ed. says ye may go and bid good-by to your lover, before we take him away."

"Where will you take him?"

"Up to Tippecanoe. The Ginceral is waiting for the blaguard, and will send him to one of the forts as soon as he gets into the camp. There's the nicest little casemate waiting for him at Niagara ye ever saw in all your days—a fine, sthrong casemate. He'll get over his love there, I does be thinkin'. Ye are to go to him. Don't ye see he is waiting?"

"And Ed. suspects me?"

"So do *I*, acushla. Did ye mind the bit av a song I tipped ye a while ago? That tould ye phat *I* thought; and I say it's a shame for ye, too, to throw over a fine lad like Masther

Ed. for a big gossoon av a Johnny Bull. But, go ye to him ; go to your beauty. It's swate he'll look at Niagara."

"You are impudent, sir," said Lizzie, flushing. "I shall find means to punish that."

She went to the captain. The suspicion of Ed. Lewis galled her the more from the conviction that it was not quite unjust. The Englishman could not advance to meet her. She looked upon herself as mainly instrumental in his capture, and commiserated him accordingly.

"I am sorry for you," she said.

"You knew that this was to be done?" he said.

"Yes ; but you would not take warning."

"It is the fortune of war," replied the Englishman. "I must bear it the best way I can. It will change your prospects, though. Ah ! you poor little maiden, if you had given me a week more, you would have loved me. As it is, I can afford to triumph over yonder Yankee, for he has penetration enough to see how much ground I have gained in your esteem. Do not open your lips to deny what I say. You know you like me. James Wilson never yet failed in any such undertaking. But you must bid me good-by."

"I have let you go on far enough, sir," said Lizzie, a flush kindling in her face. "I will not deny that you have been a pleasant inmate of our little home, and that you have not shown any of the wickedness ascribed to you while in that home. But, that ends all. You assume that you have conquered me in three days. I assure you that you are wrong ; and, though Edward Lewis may choose to think otherwise, it can not change my feelings. Good-by, sir."

She turned abruptly, called the dog, and started on at a quick walk toward the house. But she had not taken half a dozen steps when she heard Ed. cry out :

"Fire at him !"

She turned back quickly. Ed., in loosening the cords on the legs of the prisoner, had slipped them too far. The agent had managed to get one foot free, and made a rush for the bushes, so sudden that the shots of the guard, though they cut his clothes in several places, did not bring him down. His hands were tied behind him, but he hoped to gain the shelter of the swamp and find a hiding-place. But there was one in

pursuit who could have beaten him if he had been entirely free—Tim Whalen. Lizzie saw the bushes part to the rush of heavy bodies, and knew that every one but Ed. had left the opening. He thought she was gone, too, and threw himself down upon the earth, under the great tree, with his forehead upon his hands, and lay silent. She could understand the movement. He did not care whether the prisoner was retaken or not. As the shouts died away in the distance, he felt a light touch upon his shoulder, and looked up. It was Lizzie, her beautiful eyes flooded with tears.

“Well,” he said, grimly, “you have come back, I see.”

“What is the matter with you, Ed.?”

“Not much. I have lost something of which I have been very proud for many a year.”

“What is that?”

“Your love, Lizzie. I could have borne it for a good man—for a better man than I am. But that vile Indian agent, who has more wickedness to answer for than any other man in the Indian country! It is too much.”

“I do *not* love *him*, Ed. I acknowledge he is not so bad as he has been called, but I have not been unfaithful to you. Perhaps I allowed him to say more to me than I ought; but I am sorry.”

“Do you love me, then?”

“Of course I do, you foolish fellow. How can you be so absurd?”

“I was very miserable,” he said, rising and passing his arm about her waist, “when I saw him sitting at your feet, and heard you sing to him as you have sung to me. You will never do it again?”

“Never, Ed.”

He stooped and kissed her. Just at this moment the sound of voices could be heard again, and the men returned, bringing back the prisoner, whom Tim had brought to bay. He had resisted vigorously, disabling one of the men by a kick, but he was at last overpowered. Tim was especially jubilant over this second capture, but when he saw Lizzie standing close to “Masther Ed.,” and that the smile had come back to his face, he indulged in a break-down on the turf, after the approved Irish style, accompanying the active motions of his

feet by sundry sharp yells, expressive of serene contentment and perfect bliss. All the way to the cabin he distributed sly smiles, nods and nudges to Ed. and Lizzie, to show them that he now understood the matter, and was content.

An hour after the party had struck the back trail, with their prisoner riding in the center of the guard, his legs tied under to the saddle-girth.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE POTENT BOTTLE.

GENERAL HARRISON was seated in his tent, when an orderly announced Captain Lewis as desiring an audience.

At the first hint of Indian troubles, the General had collected a force of two thousand men—not eighteen thousand, as Tim had told Captain Wilson—and had marched into the Indian country. The attitude which the Indians had taken had alarmed the white people in the country, and they really needed aid, for, since the time of the defeat of Harmer, Tecumseh had been noted for his aversion to white people. The acute American General knew that the English were at work among the Indians, and that no man among all their agents could approach Wilson in craft. He knew, too, the immense power of the Prophet over the credulous savages, and that he was bitterly opposed to the occupation of the land by the Yankees. On the occasion of the first visit of Harrison to the Indian country, in a council at Vincennes, in 1811, Tecumseh argued with great vigor against the sale of certain lands, purchased from the Kickapoos and others. In his eloquent speech he recited the wrongs of the Indians, the encroachments of the whites, and the manner in which the Indians were yielding before them. In answer, the Governor said something which aroused the anger of the great chief, who knew the statement to be wrong. In an instant the tomahawk of Tecumseh flashed in the air, and about thirty chiefs drew their weapons. But, the General was too experi-

enced in Indian nature to come to the conference without help, and the bayonets of the soldiers awed the savages into silence. The conference was broken up, and from that hour war was inevitable. It was this hostile position of the tribes which led the General to bring an army into the country. The camp he had selected was within a short distance of the Wabash river, but he intended in a few days to march upon the Prophet's Town. While at that camp, the events recorded in this story transpired.

The request of Captain Lewis was complied with, and he passed into the General's tent. Harrison was seated at a small table, busily engaged in writing. He rose as Lewis entered, and gave him a cordial greeting.

"Have you been successful, Edward?"

"Yes, sir," answered Lewis. "The prisoner is outside, under guard."

"I suppose I am open to censure for seizing the fellow," said Harrison. "But, I will keep him until I have finished this campaign, at any rate. He has given me plenty of trouble. Have the guard bring him in. I should like to question him a little."

Ed. went out, and shortly returned, accompanied by Tim Whalen and another man, guarding Wilson. The Englishman was sullen. He knew that he had committed offenses enough against the Americans to justify his capture, if they could prove them, but he doubted if proof could be readily found. Under the circumstances, he determined to make the most he could of his capture, and to escape at the first opportunity. Harrison looked him over as he entered, and concluded that he had a hard man to deal with.

"I think your name is James Wilson, an Indian agent of the British government, is it not?" said Harrison, signing to Tim to stand aside.

Wilson could not see any reason for not answering the question, and did so, truthfully.

"I wish to ask—" Harrison began to say, but the agent cut him short.

"I have a question or two to ask before I will answer any more myself. In the first place, then, why am I taken? Are the United States of America and Great Britain at war?"

"They are *not*, sir. But there is every probability that they soon will be, if you and such men as you continue to act in the manner you have done for the past year. Have you not entered our border with the express design of stirring up the inhabitants thereof to insurrection? Are you not aware that, by so doing, you lose the protection of your home government?"

"Who says I have done this?" demanded Wilson, in a blustering tone.

"Good temper, sir, will do you as much service as any thing else at this juncture. I charge you with inciting the Indians to rebellion against the United States. All this is capable of proof by a credible witness."

"You mean that Irishman yonder. Of course he saw me in the Indian village. But as he can not understand the Indian language, and though he was present during an interview I had with the Prophet, he can not vouch for any thing we said."

"Arrah, honey," said Tim, "but I jist joked wid ye there. I can spake the Shawnee language as well as ye can."

"You vile traitor!"

"*Aisy* man; *aisy*. As the Ceneral very justly remarks, it won't do ye any harrum to kape cool. Sure I know ivery word ye said that day."

"You infamous scoundrel! I shall yet get a chance to cut out your accursed tongue."

"Be the bones av Fingal the Great," added Tim, "ye'l niver see that day, ye spalpeen."

"Be quiet, Whalen," said Harrison. "Let the prisoner confine his attention to me, and ask such questions as he chooses. I am ready to answer."

"Why am I a prisoner?"

"Because it is for the good of the American cause that you should be. Hark you, Sir Agent: I am Governor William Henry Harrison, General of the militia in this vicinity. And I give you my word that you shall not escape me very easily. We have proof enough, at least, to retain you until this war is over, and as sure as my name is Harrison, we will do it. It will be of no use for you to make trouble; it will do you no good. Private Whalen, remove

the prisoner to the guard-tent; tell the officer of the day to set five men with loaded muskets about it, night and day, with orders to shoot him if he attempts an escape. You will return to me when you have done this. I have work for you."

"Come along, me jewel," said Tim, laying his hand upon the shoulder of the prisoner. "I niver did a more gentale thing than whin I bade ye wait a bit whin ye ran away from us that day."

Wilson followed the Irishman sullenly enough, and in a short time was safely ensconced in the guard-tent, with four men outside and two inside the tent, watching him continually. He threw himself prostrate on the earthen floor and laid his head upon his arms, for he was wearied with the labors of the past day or two. His heart was full of bitter thoughts against the man who had brought him to this. He felt that if he had been allowed only a week more, he would have been able to triumph over the hitherto invincible heart of Lizzie. He knew that he held a secret which, if he chose to use it, would place Lizzie altogether in his power. But he had rather sought to break down her pride by his own strength of will, and had very nearly succeeded when this unlucky *contretemps* occurred, which brought him into the power of the hated Yankees. He cursed them heartily enough for their interference, and was almost tempted to rise and assault the guard. But they were both tall, gaunt, wiry specimens of the Hoosier tribe, either of them a hard tree to climb, and he thought better of it. But he tried another way. He beckoned one of them to him and took out his purse.

"What's that fur, stranger?" asked one of the Hoosiers, as the Englishman held out the purse to him.

"This is for you and your comrade, if you will give me a chance to escape."

"You skunk!" cried the Hoosier, striking the purse out of his hand. "You offer me money to sell my kentry? Darn my hide and bottom ef I wouldn't like to shoot you through the head whin you are. I on't speak to me any more. It's agin' orders, and, besides, it makes me mad to hear you. A pretty chap you are, I *don't* think."

Wilson gave up the idea of bribing the man. Yankees

were not so mercenary as he thought. He kept quiet, and the guard remained in the tent all night. In the daytime, the army moved forward toward the Prophet's Town, and camped about a mile outside. Here they were met by a deputation of the principal chiefs, headed by the Prophet himself, all of them with downcast looks. They had come to beg for peace. Harrison accorded them a conference, and the party, officers and chiefs, seated themselves in one of the large tents and smoked a pipe. The acting of the hypocritical Prophet was a lesson to any actor ever on the stage. He was the picture of well-sustained contrition, and his companions wore correspondingly lugubrious faces. Harrison, although a man of great skill in Indian artifice, supposed their contrition real.

"Let the Prophet speak," said he. "Why has he come here?"

The crafty old rascal rose to his feet and cast a deprecating glance around the circle of savage chiefs and white officers.

"We have been to blame," he said. "We have listened to the words of one who is a servant of the bad Manitou. Our brothers had used us ill. They had bought the land of the Kickapoos, and we were angry, because it looked as if our brothers were trying to buy up the Indian lands, little by little, until we should have land no more, and send them away in the track of the departing buffalo. The Indians have lived so long in this country that they love it; they think it a beautiful land. They desire to have it always to dwell in. I will tell my brothers why they love it so well. Ever since their fathers and grandfathers can remember, they have lived here. Those fathers and grandfathers are buried here, and those who are old desire to lie there beside them. There are many graves in the burying-place of the tribe, and they are all Indian. Suppose we are driven away from the graves of our fathers. In time the white men will come; they will not know where the bones lie. They will cut into the ground with their plows, and, by and by, they will turn up the bones. Perhaps there will be the bones of some good man of the nation, perhaps a sachem, who died many years ago. What then? There will be no sorrow in the heart of the white man as he sees the bones. He will throw them aside; perhaps he will

laugh, and say, 'There are the bones of an Indian!' Warriors do not think so lightly of their dead. They are dear to their hearts, and they would stay here and keep the grass green above their graves. Does my brother understand?"

"It is well," said Harrison. "Let the Shawnees stay. Our fathers would have it so."

"Good. A bad man came into the lodges of the Shawnees. He said, 'The Yengees are dogs. They seek all the land for their children. If you are the sons of warriors, take arms in your hands and fight.'"

"This is some red-coat," said Harrison. "Let my red brothers bring him to me, that I may bind him with many chains and send him to our father at Washington. When this has been done, all shall be well between the Indians and the Great Father."

"The man has gone out of the Shawnee lodges," said the Prophet. "We do not know whence he came or where he went. Perhaps he is a devil, who seeks to do some harm to the poor Indians. They listened to his wicked words because they loved the land of their fathers. But, the Yengees were not asleep. They heard that the Indians were very mad, and now they come here with arms in their hands to destroy us. We have done no harm and we seek peace."

"The Indians were arming to fight," said Harrison.

"Yes; but they see how wrong they were, and now they wish to bury the hatchet forever out of sight, that there may be peace forever between them and their white brothers. Why should they quarrel, since they must always live together? No, let us bury the hatchet."

"Then let my brother tell me who it was that came into the lodge."

"We do not know him," said the Prophet.

"I am a medicine-man among my people," said Harrison. "I can raise spirits. Would my brother, the Prophet, like to see the man who did so much wrong to the Indians?"

"He is not here," said the Prophet, who knew by his own experience how much necromancy and prophecy amounted to. "My brother can not find him. He has gone back whence he came."

Harrison bent over and whispered to Lewis. He rose and went out, and the General again addressed the Prophet.

"My brother shall see what power I have," said he, rising.

He took a bayonet and drew a circle on the ground, waved his arms over his head, and mumbled some words of pretended incantation. At the same time the curtain at the back of the tent was lifted, and the Indians saw Captain Wilson standing bound to a tree in full view. There was a movement of surprise among them, and they looked at one another in bewilderment. The curtain descended, and Harrison gravely resumed his seat.

"What says my brother the Prophet, and the chiefs of the Shawnees?"

"Ha!" said the Prophet. "My brother is great medicine. This is the man who came to us. Does my father know his name? The Indians would like to hear it."

"The Indians call him the 'Charmed Tongue,' but the white men call him Captain Wilson."

There was another surprised movement on the part of the chiefs, the prophet alone remaining immovable. He knew that there was no jugglery in this, and that, in some way, Harrison had seized the agent. Always ready to kick down the ladder which had aided him, the Indian at once laid all the blame upon the shoulders of the unlucky captain.

"Charmed Tongue very bad," he said. "He speaks, and the Indians listen. I am glad my father has found him out. He will trouble the Indians no more. Will my father light a fire for him and burn him, to-day or to-morrow? The Indians would like to see him die."

"No," said Harrison. "White men do not seek such vengeance as this. They will put the white man in prison, where he can do no harm, and when the war is over, they will let him go free."

The Indians nodded gravely.

"My brother is very right. Why should they burn the Charmed Tongue? It is not their way. But the Indians like a great light and the cry of the warrior at the stake. Give him to the Shawnees; they will prove that they love their white brothers well. *They* will burn the Charmed Tongue."

"Our great father at Washington wishes to see him," said Harrison, who could hardly forbear a smile at this modest request. "He must go to him. It is well that he should."

"Let it be so. But my father has not said that he will go away and take his blue-coats out of the Indian country. We do not feel safe while he stays with so many warriors. If my brother likes to come with a few men, he will be very welcome in the Shawnee lodges. But they have not food enough for so many."

"Let not the Prophet fear. The blue-coats will not ask food of the Indians. They have enough of their own. They brought it in wagons from the great towns, because they were afraid they would have to stay here and fight their brothers, the Indians. This made them very sad, and they were sorry to do it; but they did it for all that."

"They will not have to fight the Shawnees. Then they will go away."

"We wish to be sure that the Shawnees are really our friends. Once there came a General* into this country. The chiefs came to him with lies in their mouths and hatred in their hearts. They said they loved the white men. And when they had lulled him to sleep with their lies, they destroyed him and his army."

"This was bad," said the Prophet, conscious that he was thinking of doing the same thing. "Let my brother camp here and he shall see that the Shawnees are friendly. Does Harrison wish to see Tecumseh?"

"Yes; Tecumseh is the friend of the English. He hates the blue-coats. But he is chief of the Shawnee nation. We will wait here until we see him."

"Is there any thing we can do for the army of our brother?"

"Nothing."

"The Indians would be very glad if they could do something for their white brothers."

Harrison thanked him, and the deputation of chiefs slowly took their way out of the camp, and returned to the Indian town. Harrison looked around him and said:

* Harmer.

"In my opinion there goes the most consummate hypocrite that ever walked the earth."

"Do you think he means treachery?" asked Colonel Abraham Owens, the General's aid. This brave man was destined to fall in the coming battle, fighting like a lion.

"Believe me, we shall have a night attack before the week is out," said Harrison. "Remember, gentlemen, that the troops always lie in order of battle, with their arms beside them. I would no sooner trust that fellow than I would trust Lucifer. They shall give up the plunder they took from Harmer, or I will burn their villages to the ground."

"Very well. We shall have another visit from them in a few days, I suppose."

"Yes. I shall move no closer to the village. I can watch the scoundrels better here. They must not be allowed to surprise us. Break up the conference, gentlemen. Night approaches. Every man to his duty."

Ed. Lewis had conveyed the prisoner to the guard-tent immediately after the Indians had seen him. For some reason, the guard was not so close about Wilson as it had been at first. The General had removed the inside guards, but told those outside to use extra caution. But the men had worked hard for many days and were worn out. On the night which followed the visit of the chiefs, the men chosen for guard duty were persons very fond of the cup which inebriates. Harrison kept liquor as much as he could out of the army, and it was seldom that the camp-followers could get a drop of ardent spirits. Once left alone in his tent, the captain began to lay plots. As the men came on guard at dusk, the appearance of their faces denoted over-work. Lying down close to the canvas, he heard two of them talking in low tones.

"Hard work, this," said one. "Poor pay, too."

"And not a drop of drink, either," said the other, in an aggrieved tone. "I don't believe in army regulations that don't allow a man a drop of spirits on such a night as this, when he has to stand guard for six mortal hours. I wish we could find some, don't you?"

"Yes. But the sergeant is looking at us, let us separate."

The captain had heard enough. Among other things which he had been allowed to keep, was the usual case of Holland

gin, which, in these days, was found in every traveler's saddle-bags. He took this out and held it up, calculating whether it contained enough to make two men drunk, and came to the conclusion that the Hoosiers would drink it all, and be wider awake than ever.

"It must have a drop of something strengthening," muttered the captain; "just a little drop."

He opened his coat, and with a small pen-knife ripped up the lining, and took out a transparent vial, not more than half as large as those he had used at Neal's house. He took out the cork, and a sharp, pungent odor immediately diffused itself through the tent. He poured about half the contents of the vial into the case of Hollands, corked it and shook it well.

"Spiced!" he said. "I wonder if they will like the flavor?"

This wonderful man always went prepared for any emergency. The vial contained a powerful opiate, and the quantity he had put into the gin would send the sentries to sleep for hours, if they could be got to drink it. He waited half an hour, and then lay down again by the canvas. With the pen-knife he cut a hole in the cloth large enough to peep through, and watched the sentries pacing their beat. There were four of them now, two on each side. The tent was thirty-two paces in circumference, and each sentry walked eight paces, met the other, turned, and walked back. As he looked out, one of the guards playfully presented his musket at his companion, as they met, and demanded the countersign. He gave it, "St. Clair," and the other turned away with a laugh.

"At any rate," muttered the captain, "I've got the countersign. How to get out is the next thing."

He waited until the men met as before, and turned back. The moment their backs were turned, he pushed the bottle under the canvas, and let it lie there until the men again met and turned. Then he pushed it with a stick, so that it lay directly in the path of the thirsty sentry, who actually stumbled over it on his return, giving an exclamation of surprise. He stooped and picked it up.

"What is it?" whispered the sentry.

"It smells like *gin*," said the guard.

He took a taste, and smacked his lips.

"It *is* gin," he said.

"Yer right," said the sentry, lifting the bottle to his lips.

"Yer *mighty* right. It *is* gin. *Good* gin, too."

The musical gurgle of the liquor was again heard as the men each took a second hearty drink.

"I don't care for the regulations, Jim," said the finder.

"Neither do I, Tom," said Jim. "I'm a sucker, I am. You go an' give some of that stuff to Bill and Jo. I ain't goin' ter hev two good fellers like them spile fer the want of a good, square drink, when we've got so much in a bottle."

The sentry shouldered his rifle, and walked back to meet the other sentry.

"What are you and Jim talking about, thar?" inquired that worthy. "Don't you know it's agin' the regulations?"

"I tell yer I don't care a cuss fer reg'lations. Smell that!"

Bill did so, and passed a portion of the liquid down his throat with surprising agility.

"Now let's you and me take a drink," said Tom.

They did so.

"That's all right. Now you take that thar' to Jo, an' let him an' you take another drink, don' yer see?"

"Yes," said the sentry, seizing the bottle, eagerly.

"Hol' on. Gim'me that ar' bottle."

Tom took another drink.

"Thar, *now* take it ter Jo. An' when Jo an' you take a horn, gin it ter Jo, an' tell him ter go roun' ter Jim an' take a drink with *him*."

Bill started off on his beat, and Tom marched away with a wavering motion. The liquor was beginning to affect him. He gaped hideously at every step. In due time Jo came round with the bottle, and found Jim, like Barkis, "willin'." The liquor was waxing low. It was one of those wonderful squat Dutch bottles, which seem inexhaustible. Jo walked back waveringly, and Jim retained the bottle. Deeming his rifle a superfluity, he laid that down, or rather dropped it, and shouldered the bottle instead; and even this nearly destroyed his equilibrium.

"I say, Tom, d'yer see that *bo-le*?"

"*Courée* I see 'um," replied Tom. "Ge-um here."

“See it, do yer? Then look ’em *now*.”

He took another drink. Tom seized the bottle, and wrested it from his grasp. The moment he lost his ballast he fell over against the side of the tent, and lay there. Tom looked down at him in maudlin surprise.

“He’s drunk,” he said. “Drunk’s a *fool*. Can’t stan’ two or three little drinks like that. I’m goin’ ter hev a drink with Bill,” quoth he.

He was fortunate enough to reach Bill without accident. They finished the bottle together, to the last drop.

“Bill!” said Tom.

“Waal?” replied Bill, sleepily.

“I’m sleepy,” said Tom.

“So’m I,” rejoined Bill.

They parted, and in ten minutes after, all four guards were lying snugly on the ground, fast asleep. The opiate had done its work.

CHAPTER IX.

“HE TURNED UP AGAIN.”

IF “Poor Pillicoddy,” had reason to be annoyed by the “turning up,” at unexpected times, of the lamented Captain O’Scuttle, so had the Neal family in the repeated appearances of Captain Wilson. Of course he escaped that night. It was not hard to drag one of the sleeping guards into the tent, divest him of his clothing, get into it himself, shoulder his rifle and march out of the tent. It was late at night, he had the countersign, and none of the guards thought him any thing but an Indiana soldier going out on a scout. At any rate, they let him pass easily, and he made the best of his way to the river, crossed it, and was safe. He stopped in the village long enough to get four of the Indians to go with him, and they started that night for Neal’s. Traveling night and day, at sunset, on the succeeding evening, they arrived at the cabin. Leaving the Indians concealed in the bushes, he walked into the cabin, with a pleasant remark addressed to Lizzie:

"Back again, Miss Lizzie. A bad penny, etc., always will come back."

"I thought you were a prisoner," said Lizzie, in great dismay.

"So I was, Miss Lizzie; so I was. But I disliked the quarters—very uncomfortable little crib. I bade it a cordial good-by last night, and here I am again, you see. I told you I would come back. Where is your father?"

"He is in his room."

"I'll just step in and see him, if he is up. He'll see me, I know. Tell him I am here."

He had raised his voice so much that Neal heard him, and came out. A great change had taken place in him. His cheek had a hectic flush. Evidently something was wearing upon him these last few days. His eyes questioned the intruder, and he understood their mute appeal.

"You need not wonder at my return, Walter. There are not enough Yankees in the Indian country to keep me long where I do not wish to stay. I made up my mind to leave the scoundrels, and here I am. But, you are not looking well."

"I know it. Will you come to my room? I want to speak with you," said Neal.

"Certainly. Greatest pleasure in life. But, really, you must take care of yourself. That flush on your face is not the right thing. At any rate, I should not hanker after it for myself."

They were in the room alone, and Neal turned upon the captain, pressing a hand upon his heart as if in pain.

"I am going to ask a great thing of you, James. You say you are my friend. I hope you are. I appeal to your generosity. In a few days I shall be dead, and my child will be left alone. It is this that gives me pain in dying. As for myself, I wish to go at once. But I leave her alone."

"By no means, Walter. I will take care of her."

"All I ask of you is this: When I am dead, do not persecute her. If she loves you, let her marry you. From what I have seen, I should think your influence over her may be in time very great. You may make her love you. She was to have married some one else. I loved him, and should have

been happy if she had been his wife. Am I asking too much in saying, give her up to him?"

"I can not think of it. Let him take his chance; I take mine."

"Do you promise not to persecute her?"

"I shall make love to her, strong!"

"Oh, yes. But I mean force her to marry you, or any thing of that sort."

"I can't tell. Never make a promise so far ahead. If force is needed, force shall be employed, though I don't think it will be at all necessary. The girl begins to like me as it is, and if you give me time enough, and Lewis keeps out of the way, I can make her love me."

"I have no doubt you may; but I wish you would promise me this."

"Can't do it, Walter. A little gentle persuasion may be necessary. But, let that pass for the present. I have come to ask you to take a trip with me."

"A trip?"

"Yes. You are not safe here. In fact, no one is safe in the Indian country who is no better defended than you are. I want you to go to the Prophet's Town with me. You will be safe there if you go as my prisoners."

"That will be strange safety."

"It is the only safety, I tell you."

"I will not go."

"Remember Montreal!"

"Remember it. Accursed wretch, have you no pity? Would you drag me and our child from our home, where we are living happily, into the midst of a village of hostile Indians? Remember Montreal! I have cursed the day I ever saw the place. I would that my foot had never trod its streets, at least that they had never entered the hell into which you led me. Tell me, James Wilson, was it not you who led me to that gambling hall? Was it not you who taught me to love wine?—you, young as you are in years, but old in depravity? Do you ask me if I remember Montreal?"

"'I' faith, boatswain, these be very bitter words,' said the captain, laughing. "Come, you are only exciting your-

self, to no purpose whatever. I intend that you shall go with me to Prophet's Town."

"And I swear to you, by heaven, I will not go."

"Very good. Then I must see what influence my little tale will have upon your daughter. I will go and tell her."

"Stop, for God's sake. Don't press me too hard. James, I had it in my heart to kill you at that moment. Your hardness very nearly drove me to do it. If you do not take care, I will not be answerable for myself."

"Would you like a pistol?" said Wilson, tauntingly. "You are handy with that weapon. Here, take mine."

He offered him one. There was something in the weapon which drove the blood from the cheek of Walter. He snatched at it eagerly and looked at it closely. It was a silver-mounted, old-fashioned weapon, of the light kind then used in dueling.

"I thought you would know the tool," said Wilson. "You can testify that it is a good one. Shoot me with it."

"Don't talk to me, James. I tell you this is the very weapon I used that night. There's blood upon it."

"Imagination, my dear fellow. Pish! What is *one* man, more or less? That little weapon has laid more men than *that* stiff, I warn you. Don't let that little matter worry you."

"Little matter! I have not been a man since that day. Do you think, if I were the same man now, that you would dare come to me and insult me as you do? You know you would not. You know that for one-half the insults you have given me, I would have horsewhipped you through the streets of Montreal. I would, by heaven."

"You *were* a hot fellow then. Too hot when you were fresh from gaming and wine. I always told you so, didn't I?"

"Yes; and led me to it again the next night. You see I know you, James Wilson. But this pistol. You have kept it since that fatal hour. Why did you do that?"

"To tell the truth about the matter, and no falsehood, I thought they might want it in court. You see, the fellow was of a good family, and it made a deuce of a noise. Did you not hear of it?"

"Never, from the hour I fled. I only knew that I had shot him. I saw the blood bubbling from his breast, and he

fell upon the pavement. That night I took horse and fled to York, with the child in my arms. My wealth I had changed into gold and diamonds for a final trial at the cards next night, where I should have lost all, and I took that in my saddlebags. An American schooner sailed from York to Niagara that day. I sailed in her. I went to South Carolina and bought a plantation. I grew richer yet. I hated gaming, I never drank, and should have been at peace, but one day I saw a man come into the Planter's Hotel at Charleston, whom I knew. It was the companion of that unfortunate young man, who pursued us through the streets of Montreal. I hurried away, raised a sum of money, and came here, leaving my property in the hands of an agent. They think I am traveling in Europe. I send letters to them through an agent in New York, from time to time."

"Yes; but after looking at that little toy, perhaps you will agree to go with me to Prophet's Town."

"I have no choice, it seems. Since you force us, we will go. But I will not bear this tyranny much longer. I know my child will forgive that unpremeditated crime, and if I could tell her and then die, I should be happy."

"Tell her then," sneered the captain. "It would not save you from the law."

"I know it, said the other, sadly. "I should never have fled. How is it that you left Montreal too?"

"I was mixed up in the affair with you. I thought it policy to leave town for awhile, and when I came back I took care not to mention the matter to any one. Have you any thing valuable here you wish to remove?"

"No."

"Then get ready as soon as you can. I will speak to Lizzie. I think after you are quite ready you would do well to lie down and get a little sleep, and we will start early in the morning. There is going to be a battle soon near the Prophet's Town. Harrison will do well to look out."

He went out into the large room. Lizzie was not there. He asked Dinah where she had gone, and she pointed to a large chestnut at the edge of the opening, a favorite haunt when she wanted a good place to read. He followed her at once. Lizzie was seated under the tree, her elbow resting

on her knee, patting the head of old Cain, who had, as usual, gone out with her. He rose and came to meet the captain, putting up his broad muzzle for a caress. There was much in common in the fierce natures of the dog and man.

"So, old dog. Glad to see me, eh? More than I can say of your mistress. I have news for you, Miss Lizzie."

"News!"

"Yes. You are going to Prophet's Town with me."

"Indeed?"

"That sounds incredulous; but it is true. Your father has just consented to go there with us."

"I can hardly believe it yet. But what could be his motive in going there? What is your power over him? You have some power, what it is I know not, which makes him do things he does not like. Tell me what it means."

"You would not thank me for telling you, Lizzie. It is enough that I have power, and that if he is not careful of himself I mean to use that power to his hurt. But there is no need of that."

"I will go to him," she said. "I will ask him what it is that weighs him down, and he will tell me. I know he will."

"I am glad you think so," said the other; "but I know you are wrong. He will not tell you. He dare not. My poor child! Do you know what it is to shrink from your own father, to feel that his is a guilty hand? I, that am spoken of as a model of evil by these accursed Yankees, have not courage to tell you of what your father is guilty. I could not. When I have said there is any thing I dare not do, I have said a great deal."

"You horrify me. What is this secret terror, which I can not understand, and which is robbing my dear father of his life? Will you not tell me? You say you love me."

"Will you dare to challenge me, by my love for you, to tell you the truth?"

She grew very white, but her lips were able to articulate, "I dare."

She had risen to her feet. He gently seated her again on the bank, and there, in the deepening gloom, told the story of her father's guilt. It was a sad tale, and she listened with dilated eyes.

"Your mother was my cousin, Lizzie, and I loved her. You are her living image. I was a boy when she married your father, at that time a merchant in Montreal. You did not know before that you are a Canadian. You are, though, born in Great St. James street, seventeen years ago. I was then an ensign in the Twentieth regiment of foot, stationed in Canada, at Montreal. When you were four years old your mother died, and a year after your father began to enter upon evil ways. At that time he was the handsomest man in Montreal. The ladies were dying for him, the men madly jealous of him, but he gave them no cause. He was always loyal to the memory of his wife. He kissed her as she lay in her coffin, and said no other woman should usurp her place in his heart. He kept that vow. In his reckless round of dissipation, at the gaming-table, wherever he went, her bright face followed him. It was that which drove him into evil ways in the first place; that and nothing else. He was rich; but he was also passionately fond of gaming. While your mother lived, she could control him; but when she was gone, every night saw him at the roulette table, staking and losing his hundreds. I never saw such luck. Night after night he played on, losing, losing, losing—enough to turn any man mad. He drank to excess. There was not a night in four months when he did not return, all his money gone, bills out against him, and his head giddy with drinking."

"How do you know this?" said Lizzie, turning upon him quickly. But the captain was noways abashed.

"Oh, as to that, I was as wild as he," he replied. "It is no use to deny what is forever past. I *was* a wicked fellow then, perhaps am a wicked fellow now—gone wild because I have no one to show me the right way. But, Lizzie, if I had you for a wife I know I should reform."

"I hope so; but the reformation must come without that. I can never be your wife."

"Don't say that, Lizzie. You know I have made up my mind to have it *my* way. But I must go on with my story. This course of dissipation could not last. His money was going, and he sold his property and had it all in money and jewels ready for the next bout at the table, so that he need not go to his banker's. One night he took out three thousand

pounds, and swore he would break the bank by playing on one color. He won at first. His pile increased to five thousand. I got him to take it up, and got him away from the table. I was betting myself—he lent me money to do it—and winning a good deal; for I was a lucky fellow at the tables, and never lost heavily, perhaps because I could not afford to bet as heavily as some others could. While I was doing this, they got him into a room by himself, playing an American game of cards, the name of which I forget, but which he knew well, for high stakes. They play it with pairs of cards—pshaw, you could not understand—and bet upon the strength of the hand they hold. The other, confident in his hand, bets higher. His opponent, if he thinks he can risk it, bets higher yet. I was interested in my game and did not know what was going on. When I thought I had played long enough, I took up my winnings and looked for your father. He was not in sight, but at last I found him, deep in his game, with a heap of gold lying by his side in piles of one hundred guineas each, from which he was adding continually to the heap in the center. I looked at him. He was flushed and excited, and nearly four thousand guineas of his money were on the table, covered by the same amount on the part of the Southerner, who was cool as a summer morning. There are no people on earth who can love money so coolly as the Southern gentlemen.

“ ‘I see your five hundred guineas,’ said he, quietly, ‘and go you five hundred better.’ ”

“ At the same time he added the amount necessary, one thousand guineas, to the pile in the center of the table. You will understand that the highest hand in this game is four aces. Your father held what is called a flush, a hand which can not be beaten once in a hundred. But the Southerner quietly laid upon the table four aces!—the best hand in the pack. At the same time, stretching out his hand, he drew the money toward him. Your father leaped to his feet. He had been drinking, and the loss of such a sum drove him nearly wild.

“ ‘Cheat!’ he cried ”

“ The Southerner called out to his friend, a Colonel Lewis, of the State of Indiana, and made a rush at your father. The

crowd dragged them apart, and I took up what was left of your father's money, only about six hundred guineas, and kept it for him. I took him into a room and got him some wine. An hour after, we were in the street, going home. He was full of bitterness toward the Southerner, who, of course, was not at all to blame, and wished that he might meet him. While he was speaking the Southerner turned into St. James from Notre Dame, full of wine, and singing at the top of his voice. Your father heard him, and started on a run toward him. I ran after him, but he was lighter than I, and they met. Before I could interfere they had pistols out and fired at each other. Your father was hit in the arm, but not much hurt. But the other—"

He hesitated.

"Go on!" said Lizzie, hoarsely.

"He was shot through the lungs. I saw in a moment that he could not live, and told your father so. He turned and fled. I followed, and as my regiment had been ordered to Quebec, and I ought to have gone with it, nothing was thought of my departure. You now understand all."

"And can they injure my father?"

"It was murder; nothing less."

"In the sight of God," said Lizzie, "my father, blinded by drink, and mad with play and loss, committed murder. Will the laws of man look at it in the same way?"

"The least that can befall him will be a long term of years in prison, a branded felon. Child, I told you that the crime of your father was very great, and that you would shrink when the tale was told. You forced it on me. I have told you all. I have not omitted to tell you that I was somewhat to blame. I should have taken him away when he left the roulette table. But I liked play too. But you know my power over your father, and I know your power over me. Say you will be my wife, and I will save your father. I alone can procure his pardon."

"You can not tempt me now, even by that bribe," said Lizzie. "But why do you take us to Prophet's Town?"

"From thence, after the battle, I mean to take you to Montreal. When you are my wife, I pledge you my word to procure your father's pardon."

"I shall go mad, I think," said Lizzie. "But do with us as you will. You have the power."

He smiled in a grim way, for he had conquered.

"Come," he said. "All my labor has not been in vain. Come to your father."

They went to the house, and found that Walter was waiting their coming. They retired to their rooms, but not to sleep. Walter sat all night with his head upon his hands, brooding over his miseries, and casting gloomy looks toward the room where Wilson lay chuckling over his success. Lizzie, in her room, wept and prayed through the night. At the earliest gleam of morning they were up again, and ready for the march. Dinah and Cub resolutely determined to go with them; and with the grim guard of warriors in their rear, they made their way to Prophet's Town.

CHAPTER X.

TIPPECANOE.

"At once there rose so wild a yell, within that dark and narrow dell,
As all the fiends from heaven that fell, had pealed the banner cry of hell."

THE four sentries of Wilson were found on the relief of the guard, and were promptly put in the guard-tent, to await the charge of drunkenness while upon duty. But the length of time they remained in the sleep occasioned by the drug they had taken, forced the officers to the conclusion that they were under the influence of something else besides liquor, and the surgeon was called in. He announced that they had taken a powerful opiate, and that they would awake in due time. Of course, in the volunteer service the rules were not so strict as in the regular, and the poor fellows, who had fallen victims to their love of liquor, were let off with slight punishment, nothing more than extra guard duty. The prisoner had escaped. There was no help for that, and had taken the uniform and gun of the guard. The General made the best of it, though much annoyed at the escape of Wilson.

Two days later the command struck their tents and marched, reaching a forest very near to the Prophet's Town. The deputation again came out to meet them. The General then stated in plain terms the least that he would accept at the hands of the Indians. This was restitution of the plunder taken from Americans in battle, the surrender of all white prisoners in their hands, and that the chiefs should sign a treaty to keep the peace toward the United States. To these propositions the crafty Prophet made answer that he was ready to accede, but begged the General to camp where he was, and all should be made right in the morning.

In the mean time, Tim had returned from a scout on which the General had sent him, and reported the town full of Indians who did not belong there, and warned the General that he could not trust the Prophet's word in the least. The General agreed to wait until morning, and did so; but not in the fashion of St. Clair and Harmer. He knew more of Indian subtlety than they.

Every soldier lay upon his arms, ready to spring up at a moment's warning. A line of battle was formed after dark, with skirmishers thrown out, and every precaution which a wise General shows in the face of a hostile army. A supply of ammunition, sufficient to last him through a hard fight, was issued, for the Shawnees were determined fighters, and knew more of war than most tribes, being under the superior tutorship of Tecumseh and the Prophet, himself no mean warrior, though by profession a diplomatist and "medicine-man."

It was the evening of November 6th, 1811, that the army made its appearance near the Prophet's Town. The night passed on. Midnight, and the men still lay upon their arms, in order of battle, waiting for the coming of the foe. Not a sound could be heard in the village only a mile away, and yet at the same time the Indians were in arms, and many of them lay in the wood, not a hundred yards from the camp, waiting for the signal to begin the slaughter. One o'clock, two, three, and yet no noise or other indication of a coming attack. The officers and men began to think their precautions had been useless, and that there would be no attack after all. The young pioneers were longing for a fray.

Nor were they destined to be disappointed. Even now, a cloud of Indians were creeping up, silent as shadows, with loaded guns pointed at the camps. Among Indian attacks this stands out preëminent as one of the best conducted on record. The secrecy which the savages maintained was wonderful. About four o'clock, when even the General had given up the idea of an attack, a volley of musketry was poured into the camp from all sides. Up started the Americans, with weapons in their hands. Frontier training showed itself then. Every man stepped to his place in the ranks, with the regularity of veterans on a parade. Prominent among them was that heroic and good man, Joseph H. Daviess, better known as Jo Daviess, of Kentucky, a man noted for his sterling qualities, and who, that morning, fought his last battle. Out of that little band of heroes, the loss fell heavily on the officers, whose uniforms rendered them conspicuous. Owens, Daviess, White, Warrick, Spencer, Bean, McMahon, and Berry—a noble roll for the North-west, and a great gap in the ranks of her best men. Harrison sprung to his horse and directed the battle. He saw that the assault was led by able men, and he also detected some white tactics in the formation of the Indian line.

"I suspect," he said, turning to Owens, "that there is a white man directing a great part of these movements. Who ever heard of Indians moving up as regularly as these do? Ha!" that bullet was well meant."

One whistled past his head, close enough to discompose a man less brave than the Governor.

"You must be careful of yourself, General," said Owens. "What should we do if we lost you?"

"My life is in the hand of God," replied Harrison. "Ride to Colonel Daviess. Tell him to form his regiment in column by companies, and drive the Indians out of that point of woods. I see that their fire is very hot."

Owens rode away in hot haste, and in a few moments the crack of rifles and shrill yells from the savages told that the regiment of Daviess were probing the woods with their bayonets. Owens, poor fellow, never came back. Neither did Daviess. It was in this regiment that Lewis was placed, and his company had the advance. As Daviess fell, this company

were pushing the Indians out of the woods by slow degrees, and they were resisting stubbornly, fighting hard. This particular band of savages were led by a tall man in hunting-shirt and leggings, with a head-dress, the feathers of which drooped over his face. Tim Whalen, who was fighting like a lion, observed the fellow closely, and saw that he carried pistols—a thing an Indian rarely does—and stood erect while fighting, instead of skulking about as the rest of the Indians did. He held a pistol in each hand and fired with great skill, killing three men in succession. As the combat grew hotter, and the combatants approached each other, this man was seen to make prodigious efforts to reach Ed. Lewis, who was directing the movements of his company with great skill and daring. Twice the man with the pistols fired at the young captain, and succeeded in wounding him slightly in the arm.

“Look out, Masther Ed.!” cried Tim. “That’s no Indian that’s firin’ at ye. He knows how to handthle a pisthile, an’ that’s phat no Indian iver did. He’s a white man.”

“It must be Wilson,” said Ed. “Oh, if I could only get to him. Come on, lads!”

The men followed him with a ringing cheer. The Indians answered by yells of defiance. They had taken shelter behind a natural abatis of fallen trees, and were firing as fast as they could load. Climbing like cats, the North-western boys burst into the cover, and went at them with the bayonet. The savages, who were about equal in number, were picked men, the flower of the Shawnee nation, and were not likely to turn front in the hour of battle. After the first rush, when their guns were empty, they flung them down and went into the fight with knife and hatchet. Ed. had emptied his pistols, and now drew his sword. As he did so, he saw the disguised white man making his way toward him, striking out right and left, and determined to get at him. Nothing loth, Ed. called to his men to make way, and leaped forward. In an instant the man put his right hand behind him, and drew a sword which hung from his red sash. That action told the young man that what he had suspected was indeed true. He was to fight a white man. The swords crossed with a sort of hissing sound, and the two strong men looked

each other in the eye. Ed. saw the black orbs of Wilson gleaming at him, and knew him in a moment.

"Ha!" he said. "My friend the captain."

"The same," said Wilson, gravely. "Have you made your will?"

"Not yet," said Ed., taking a step to the right, and eluding a vigorous thrust of the enemy, returning it by an upward tierce-point which grazed the shoulder of Wilson. This made him more wary. They fought with great caution for five minutes, and no results. Both were skillful swordsmen, and both endowed with an iron frame, though Wilson had an inch or so the advantage in stature.

"You fence well," said Wilson, as they paused, with locked swords.

"I can return the compliment," replied Ed. "Guard!"

The battle recommenced, and, looking to the right as they turned, Wilson saw that his men were retreating, and that he was in danger of being taken. Disengaging his sword by an effort, he leaped a fallen log, and hurried after his men, disregarding the shot which Tim sent after him. The regiment of Daviess now had possession of the field, but their leader was no more. One of Harrison's aids came up with orders for the regiment to push forward, and form a line on the other side of the woods. Here they were again attacked by the Indians, and the battle recommenced with the greatest fury.

All along the line, the army was greeted with an incessant fire, which laid low many a brave man. But, the determined valor of the whites conquered, and the savages sullenly retired.

The regiment of Daviess, as soon as it was light enough to look out for ambuscades, followed in the track of the flying Indians. Wilson had returned with them, cursing them roundly, and in the same breath praying them to turn back, and change that bloody defeat into a victory. But they would not. Finding defeat inevitable, Wilson hastened into the town to secure Lizzy and her father. He found their lodge surrounded by a crowd of savages. Breaking through, he saw Walter Rashleigh, with a brace of pistols in his hands, threatening the savages. They gave back a little at the

appearance of the Charmed Tongue, but closed again like a pack of hounds in a moment.

"What is this?" cried Wilson, looking at the fellows, the first to run from the battle. "Why are you here, Masseyunto?"

The savage addressed pointed toward Tippecanoe:

"Our brothers lie dead out yonder," he said, "and what have we to show but our wounds?"

"What of that?"

"We can not leave them alone to wander by the silent river. We want the white man and the girl."

"You won't get them. Clear out."

"The Charmed Tongue speaks too loud," said Masseyunto, boldly. "He has no right to bring white men into the Shawnee villages."

"Stand firm," said Wilson, looking at Rashleigh. "There will be some kind of a fight, but the only way is to meet it like men. I will die before they shall lay a hand on Lizzie."

"I shall do my part," replied the father. "Ten minutes ago they came here and began to clamor about the lodge, and from what I could learn, they had been badly beaten. Is it so?"

"Yes. Masseyunto, did you ever see me shoot with one of my short guns?"

"What of that?" was the sulky reply.

"Merely this: If you do not stand where you are, I will shoot you through the head."

"We want the white man. You can keep the girl."

"You shall have neither, Masseyunto; and if you move, you are a dead man."

Masseyunto called to his companions for aid. Three or four of them advanced with drawn tomahawks.

"Take care," said Wilson, raising his pistols.

They came on steadily. Wilson shot the foremost with his right-hand pistol, Masseyunto with his left, and then drew his sword. Yells of rage burst from the throats of the Indians, as they rushed upon the whites. Rashleigh fired his pistols with good effect, and snatching the hatchet and knife from the hands of Masseyunto, stood boldly on his defense. Cub, hearing the tumult, seized a club which lay upon the ground,

and came out, ranging himself by his master's side. The huge form of the negro, and his determined front awed the savages, and they gave back a little. He took his station more in front, and whirled the club about in a circle in the very faces of the infuriated Indians. At him they rushed, and the dauntless black was pressed back upon the others. It now seemed as if the white men must yield, when a wild Irish shout was heard, and Tim Whalen, whirling a rifle over his head like a shillalah, dashed into their midst, and the astounded savages scattered right and left. At the same time a crowd of fugitives rushed by, shouting:

"Yengees!"

Ed. Lewis was close upon them with his company, and entered the village just as the baffled human brutes left it. He looked in surprise at the party about the lodge, and the wounds upon them.

"I have not strength left to run," said the captain, "or I would try to escape. This fighting is dry work."

Nothing ever disturbed him. He looked for changes for better or worse in this strife, and was not at all discomposed by the prospect of a Yankee prison.

"I bade you good-by rather suddenly a while since," he said, addressing Ed. "Would you like to finish that little dispute now? I am not exactly in condition, but that need make no difference. You will have all the better chance."

"Excuse me," said Ed. "I am quite satisfied, if you are."

"Very well. I suppose I may regard myself as your prisoner?"

"I shall have the pleasure of giving you in charge of Colonel Clayton in a few moments. Stay where you are. Your former attendant will take care of you."

"Oh, Tim, Tim!" said the Englishman, clapping that worthy on the shoulder, "all this trouble may be traced to you. But I can't blame you."

"Be me sowl," said Tim, "I niver did see the like av yc. I wish ye'd get away. Be me sowl I do."

"Thank you. But it is not likely. These Indians lying here are not the objects for a lady to see, and perhaps—hullo! Where has the captain gone?"

"Intil the lodge, me darlin'," said Tim.

"That is poaching on my preserves," said the captain. "I have established a claim there myself."

He walked coolly into the tent, followed by Walter. Lizzie was weeping bitterly, and Ed. standing with folded arms, sternly regarding her.

"I do not understand this," he was saying. "A few days ago you said you loved me. Now you will not let me touch you. You drive me away from you."

"Nonsense, Captain Lewis," said Wilson, entering at this moment; "don't trouble the young lady. Let me explain. Since your last visit to her, she has changed her mind. She finds now that she has been mistaken with regard to her feelings toward you. She is to be my wife."

"You lie!" shouted Ed., fiercely. "Tell him so, Lizzie."

"Yes," said Wilson, turning to her with a disagreeable smile on his face, "tell me I lie."

That smile seemed to say, "if you dare." She understood it, and covered her face with her hands. That was all the answer he needed, and he touched Wilson on the shoulder, and asked him to step outside. Ed. followed without a word.

"I said, a few moments ago, that I did not care to continue our quarrel," said Ed. "I find I have also changed my mind. You are a liar and a scoundrel. Do you understand? If you do not, you are a coward as well."

"Mr. Timothy Whalen," said the captain, turning to the Irishman, with a smile of great suavity, "will you do me the favor to go into the lodge and ask Mr. Neal to step out here?"

Tim did so, and Walter appeared. At the same time, the head of the American column came in view. Riding in front of one of the regiments, wearing the uniform of a major, was a burly, good-natured-looking man, about forty years of age. As the column halted, he rode up to the party at the door of the lodge, meeting Walter Rashleigh face to face. Both started back, one in surprise, and the other with surprise mingled with joy.

"Walter Rashleigh!" cried the major.

"I do not know you," said Rashleigh, in a voice tremulous with emotion, "I see one for whose fate I have suffered a life of unavailing repentance. Are you not Charles Lee?"

"Are you not the man who wounded me in the streets of Montreal, ten years ago?"

"Then I am not guilty of that crime. *Now* I can face you, James Wilson. Liar, coward, hound! *Now* you are unmasked; *go*. Put miles and miles between us. *You* marry my daughter! I told you once, and I repeat it, I would sooner kill her with my own hand. Lizzie, my child, I am free forever from that dreadful stain."

He darted into the lodge, leaving Tim Whalen executing a fantastic pirouette, and James Wilson standing disconsolate, the picture of despair.

"I am foiled," was all he could say.

Rashleigh came out as quickly as he had entered; pushed Ed. Lewis in at the door, and shook hands cordially with Major Lee.

"There, sir; I am glad to see you. Do you know that this man has been hounding me for years as your murderer, and was making use of his power over me to force a marriage with my daughter? But, he is beaten at every point. Do you allow your officers to fight duels?"

"No, sir," said Lee. "Who thinks of such a thing?"

"That fellow intends to get up a fight with Captain Lewis."

"I'd back the boy against him," said Lee, who was a Kentuckian, and, as such, did not like to spoil a fight. "But, I won't let it go on. And so you thought me dead? 'Twas a close call. We had both been drinking hard, and after that unlucky hand of mine I didn't wonder you were angry. I lost all the money I won of you in Montreal when I went back to Kentucky. I was hit hard, but got over it, as you see. Kentucky men are hard to kill."

"I thank God for it. But, here are my children. There, James Wilson, you see in that girl the image of your favorite cousin, my dear wife. For her sake I forgive you; and for all I can say, you may go in peace."

The captain had regained his self-possession and looked about him with a smile. Ed. remained by the side of Lizzie.

"The major says he will allow no fighting, Captain Lewis. You have won the prize I aimed at, and I can get no satisfaction. Never mind. There are few in this life who *never* make a miss."

Before any one could divine his intention, he fired two pistols, one at Ed. Lewis and the other at Tim Whalen, and darted around the lodge in rapid flight. Fortunately, in his excited state, he missed Ed., and wounded Tim only slightly in the shoulder. The scout darted after him, but, dropping upon his knee, he drew a fine bead upon the running man with his rifle.

"Shall I shtop him, major?" he said.

"Fire!" said the major.

The rifle cracked, and the captain came to the earth with a broken leg. Before he could rise, he was in the grasp of the hated Yankees.

A few words will tell his after fate. He was taken to Indianapolis, and while there his leg healed. One night he turned up missing, and his intrigues were again felt among the tribes. It did not last long, however, for he fell at the battle of the Thames, close by the side of Tecumseh. Nobody mourned his fate.

Walter Rashleigh sold out his southern property and settled on the bank of the Wabash, where he became one of the most prominent land-owners in the country, and in time a legislator.

The war continuing, both Ed. Lewis and his Irish friend found work enough to do, and the marriage of Ed. was deferred. When Tecumseh fell he came home, and they were married with festivities which were the talk of the country round about for six months. Tim Whalen got gloriously drunk upon the occasion, in which he was ably seconded by his old comrades in arms. Even Cub, on this occasion, found his broad feet hardly a match for the weight of his head.

Tim Whalen finally married a girl of his own nation, and "entered" a farm not far from Ed. Lewis'. He liked, even in old age, to tell his children of the days when he went with James Wilson to Prophet's Town, and fought the panther in the tree.

THE END.

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